

SPY

June 1995

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Republican Party

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Falwell and 22
Congressmen. Plus...

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PHOTOS OF NEWT!

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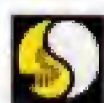
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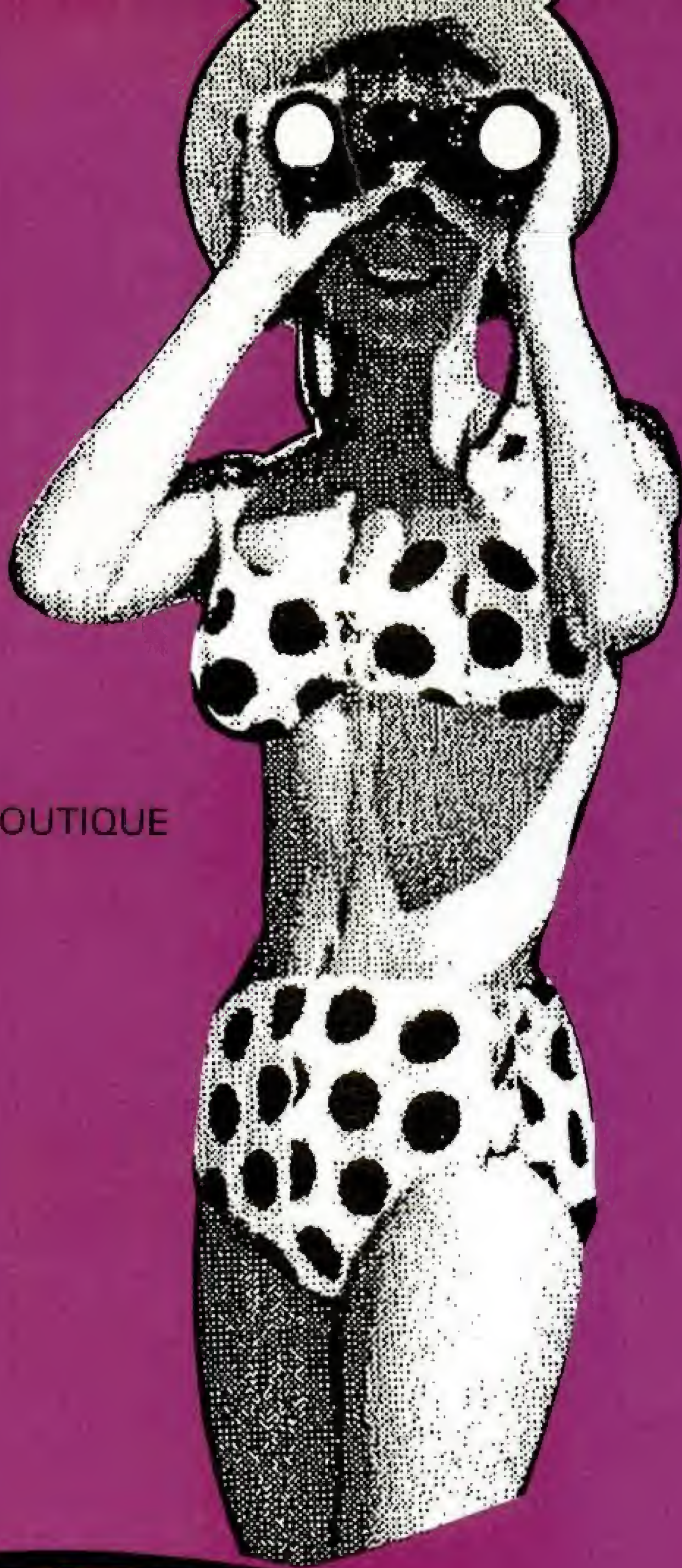
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cOntents

May/June 1995 Volume 9, No. 3



Features



The Pope Has Left the Building...

Woodstock, Schmoodstock. This year, the biggest, hippest party features the Big Bopper himself: Pope John Paul II! That's right, he's got a best-selling book; a two-CD box set climbing the charts; and enough pope paraphernalia, including T-shirts, key rings, and fanny packs, to make Mick and the boys jealous. **Vernon Silver** follows the Chairman of the Vatican on his World Youth Festival Tour '95.36

The SPY Map

What with all the earthquakes, mudslides, and runaway Broncos *blancos*, Los Angelenos are flocking to New York City by the jacuzzi-full. Herewith, we pick the hot spots where displaced SoCal-ers can feel at home.40

Capo di Tutti Frutti

You've heard the rumors for years. Now, after a four-month investigation, SPY reveals the truth behind Hollywood's Gay Mafia: who the dons, foot soldiers, and hit men are, and how they wield power. **Mark Ebner** ferrets out Tinseltown's notorious underworld and proves that, in today's studios and agencies, there's a whole new meaning to the phrase "made man."42

The Republican Beat Goes On

In SPY's most House-rockin' political prank ever, **Alex Gregory** and **Peter Huyck**, posing as the editors of a *faux* conservative teen 'zine, dupe Dan Quayle, Jerry Falwell, Ralph Reed, and over 20 Congresspeople into rapping about Hillary, *Melrose*, sex, and other hot topics. Plus a special photo prank on the House Speaker himself.51

Let's Make A Deal-ski

In post-Soviet Russia, with bread and meat lines disappearing, what are consumers clamoring for? Musical back-scratchers, lambada-playing car alarms, and other fine imported goods. Undercover operative **Anna Husarska** goes to the United Arab Emirates to report on the lucrative business of junk-buying.62

Cover by Digital Facelifts Inc.; styling by Clara Ronk; make-up by Heidi Lee for Price Inc.; chain available at Time Will Tell, N.Y.C.



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The Webs

Laureen Hobbs returns with a behind-the-camera peek up Leeza Gibbons's skirt and proves that, for the *Love & War* cast, there's no such thing as a free lunch. . . . **30**

Fear

Hey, it seems perfectly reasonable. If there's even a *chance* of a fish swimming into Ellis Weiner's penis....Mr. Weiner (no pun intended) expounds on the dangers of swimming with an unprotected rudder. . . . **32**



Ethics, Inc.

How many seven-year-olds does it take to weave a rug? What's the difference, as long as it's cheap. David Shenk takes us through the chutes and ladders of working-class life, pre-teen style. . . . **34**



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Naked City

David Copperfield's magic way with the ladies; Southern belles with balls; John Grisham's literary roots; one monologue, two hosts, no laughs; beef with broccoli and a tall, handsome stranger; where to buy a good minesweeper; gangland sportswear; new and improved *New York* magazine?; Swifty Lazar—a life in the remaking; Patti Davis rethinks the Reagan years; and more. . . . **16**

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Now *that's* interactive! . . . **80**



From The Director of "Single White Female" and "Reversal of Fortune"

david caruso samuel l. jackson
AND
nicolas cage

KISS OF DEATH

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Great Expectations

Monkey See ...



It's spring—a season of renewal and rebirth. By all accounts, it's a time of coming out, of emergence. What better time to pause and reflect on an undeniable truth: We're all gonna die. No, not *sometime*; not even in the distant, unimaginable future. These days, death is as near as your next breath.

And not just any death either. We're not talking about some wimpy, soft sigh of expiration. We're talking a horrible, liquefying, bleeding-from-your-eyeballs death. A rotting death.

But enough about the Democrats. When George Bush met recently with former secretary of state James Baker and other cronies at the Alibi Club in Washington, D.C., the topic of conversation was the '96 election. Specifically the candi-

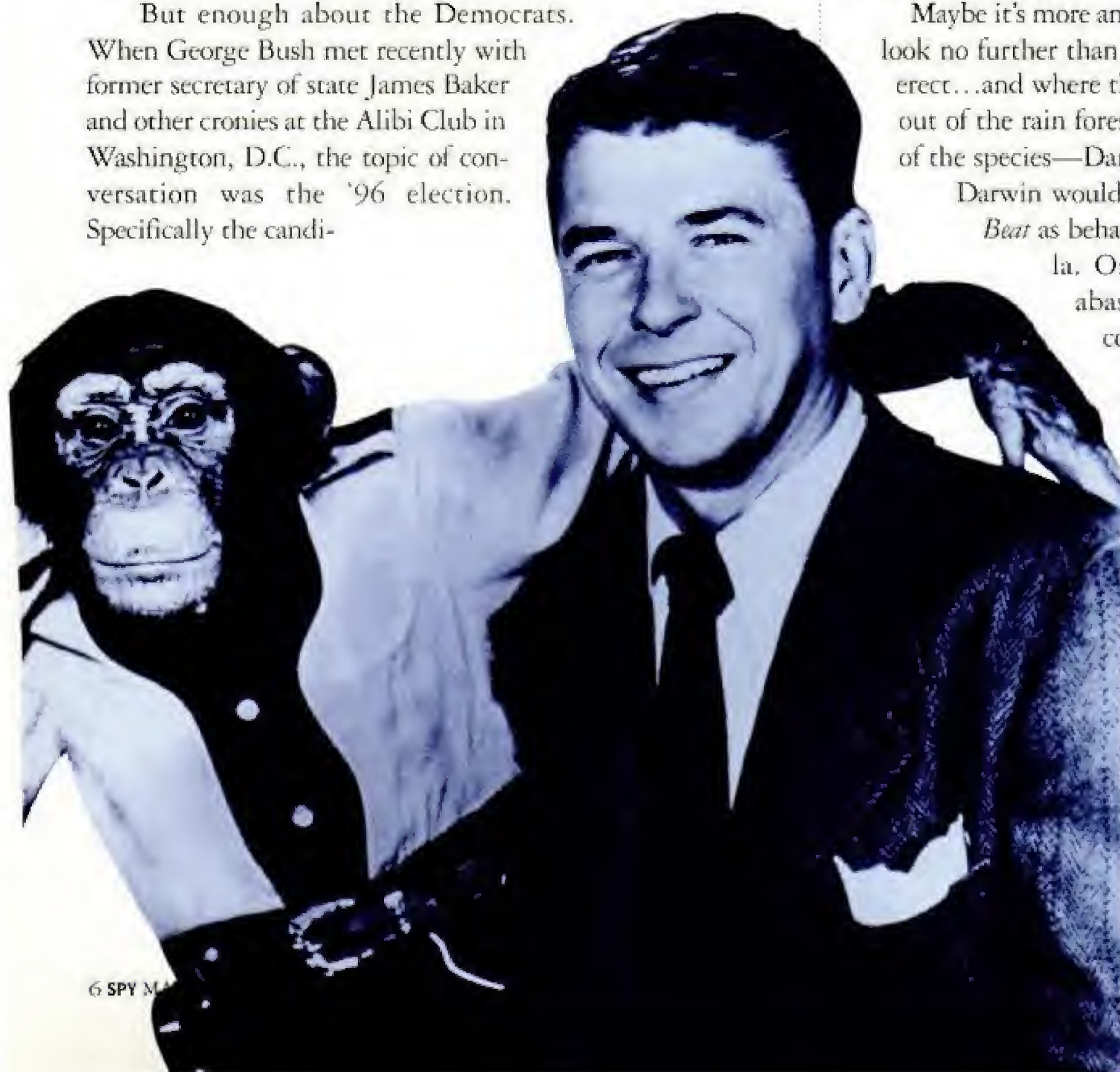
dacy of Bob Dole (speaking of liquefying death) and his possible running mate, Colin Powell. That a group of old white men met in a well-known CIA hangout to discuss the future of a black man lost no irony on *Newsweek*—which reported that the club "has long been a haunt for old spooks" directly under a photo of Powell.

Oh, those Republicans. How we miss them so—somehow in spite of the fact that they're back. How do you explain the fact that 22 Republican congressmen responded with such testosterone-charged, serotonin-high abandon to the totally ridiculous questions and equally absurd premise of *Republican Beat*—"the G.O.P. magazine for teens"? We have our own theories, of course, besides the unpatriotic sentiment that the majority party is a party of monkeys.

Maybe it's more antediluvian than that. Maybe we should look no further than Africa, where *Homo sapiens* first got erect...and where the first and latest viruses have crawled out of the rain forest. Yes, we're talking about the origin of the species—Darwin, monkeys and what they do.

Darwin would explain the enthusiasm for *Republican Beat* as behavior indicative of the alpha male gorilla. Only high-status chimps would unabashedly support a publication that concerns itself with the reproduction of their own species and welfare of the young. We are programmed, after all, to maintain our own gene pools.

Speaking of emergence and impressionable youngsters, there has been more than a little hand-wringing in the media about Jann Wenner's coming out with a twentysomething male fashion executive. Once again, we see this in Darwinian terms—specifically we note how Jann is merely participating in an environmentally friendly and totally hip activity. At the dawn of sociobiology, as Robert Wright, the evolutionary psychol-



ogy journalist *du jour*, explains, the theory of kin selection regards homosexuality as a behavior similar to that of sterile ants: Rather than spend their energy trying to get their genes sent directly to the next generation (as Jann has done in a variety of ways), they use oblique conduits which bypass the nasty overbreeding frenzy that has gotten the U.N. population conference and Malthusians in such a dither.

Ah, perception/reality. Quick, think the rain forest is something to be protected? Think it's disappearing too fast off the face of the Earth, and that not enough ice cream and benefit concerts are named in their honor? Think again, because the Ebola virus comes from the Congo jungles, and is the most frightening killer man has known since the 14th Century, when the Plague wiped out 20 to 30 percent of the world's population.

Unlike a bacterium or a parasite (or, for that matter, George Bush or James Baker), a virus is not a cellular organism. Some of them can exist in suspended animation—a tiny time-bomb which never grows, ages, feeds, or changes, until it either dries up and

harmlessly diffuses or becomes activated by finding its way into a host.

Umm, do we see a pattern here?

Webster's defines a virus as "a morbid, corrupting quality in intellectual or moral conditions...something that poisons the mind or soul." But that only brings us back where we started—to the Democrats. For surely the Republicans are against anything that corrupts or poisons morals. When asked by *Republican Beat* about his activities during Woodstock, Jon Christensen (R-NE), actually referred to last year's celebration as "nut-heads on TV celebrating liberalism in mud." (Go ahead—verbally punctuate that sentence any way you like.)

Clearly, then, the solution is obvious (as it has been to Republicans all along): Wipe out the rain forests. Sure, some of those bugs are outrageous-looking, but do we really want to pay the price of having our innards turn to tapioca because some monkey sneezed in our direction? And for all those who'll be waving the green flag on Earth Day, telling us we should protect our jungles, SPY is willing to take a politically incorrect position because of what we've learned in the

process of "launching" *Republican Beat*.

Every day, heretofore unknown viruses are emerging: Ebola, Marburg, Cohen (a virus affecting wealthy, middle-aged women which causes them to fall in love with portly, disreputable senators). And we are none of us safe. For a virus to survive, it must not destroy its host—at least not until it can be transferred to a new one.

In what may be considered the first campaign *threat* of the '96 election, Bob Dole warned that he'd "take a hard look at stepping aside" from the Senate if he becomes a front-runner in the G.O.P. race. If not, however, he will have no choice but to hang around as "full-time majority leader." Geez, Bob, what would have happened if Dan Quayle had whined before quitting the Presidential race, Choose me or I'll hang around and effect policy for a long time?

Influenza or the Plague—either way, the same number of people are going to get sick. Then again, maybe that was more the topic of discussion at the aptly named Alibi Club. Marburg or Ebola, Democrat or Republican, which is worse? If you ask us, we'd just rather roll around in the mud. ☛

Raging at bull.



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From the SPY Mailroom

We, the little people in the mailroom, don't like to brag (mostly because we've got nothing to brag about, except a handful of paper cuts and an occasional envelope-glue high), but we've been the recipients of some fairly good news this past month or so. It seems you like us, you really like us (we just can't stop using that phrase). That is, those of you who don't hate our entrails and wish terrible things upon our mothers, and all that.

Geez, how does a quiet little unassuming magazine like ours generate such strong response to a lousy reader survey, anyway? What have we ever done for you, aside from providing the random belly laugh, to provoke such violets and vitriol? And how can we thank those hundreds who filled out the survey and sent it in—except to say that we'll do everything we can in the future to keep this magazine as vibrant and alive as you've told us it is. And for those of you who hate us, we'll do everything we can to change our editorial policies. There, that should keep all of you quiet for a while.

On another note, we've been popping the champagne corks and toasting our readers for another reason: So many of you correctly guessed the answer to the SPY List that you've renewed our faith in the American educational system. While a great number of you realized that all the celebrities listed had, at one time or another, appeared nude in a newspaper or magazine against their will, some of the more unfortunate of you guessed things such as: "People whose bodies, or parts of their bodies, are larger than normal," by Lisa Hobson, of Calgary, Canada; "People

Natural Born Enemas

You are truly the burlap of the scandal rags. Not only was what you wrote about me, Oliver Stone, and *Natural Born Killers* (out on video) incorrect [THE INDUSTRY, February], but you failed to dig up the *real* stuff, which was much more scandalous and despicable than the cheap, stupid stuff you reported.

First, how original was it to smear me with the title "Dr. Feelgood"? Which of your imbecile staff captured that prize quote? I mean get wired SPY, Feelgood was what they called Elvis' Doctor! If you couldn't find someone to give you a "Dr. Chem-man" or a "Dr. Jumpstart" quote you should have done what you usually do and make up something SPY-cheesy like "Dr. Delight."

Next, the comment about Oliver surrounding himself with people with less than dignified backgrounds implies that our backgrounds are somewhat close to dignified. I hope you didn't mean me! I used a II-S deferment to dodge five, count-'em, five years of draft eligibility and inhaled and masturbated at the same time.

Indiscriminate B-12 shots! No way. V-8, sometimes I.V., and always from rusty cans. There was no way the company was going to pay for real B-12 for such last-stop hacks as Harrelson, Downey, and Lewis, not to mention Tommy Lee and Sizemore. And certainly not for an equally untalented and derelict crew. I had to use V-8, and they were lucky to get that uncut.

Your next paragraph contained the biggest laugh. You said I was licensed in two states. Incredible! I want to know, have you or any of your sources ever seen my license? Has anyone even tried to verify that I *have* a license? Are you prepared to back that license thing up? If I *were* a real doctor, or even a D.O. for that matter, I'd be tempted to come over and do a procto exam on C.C. Baxter so I could locate his head and laugh in his face. You idiots actually think I'm a doctor! Oliver hired me to tell Tom Cruise (a.k.a. Ron Kovic) he'd never walk or have sex again, but at the last minute he

gave the lines to Bob Gunton because he liked his beard. The problem was he'd already paid me SAG minimum. Now you, of all ragscum, know that Oliver has a reputation for being brilliant, clever, and always getting his money's worth. Without any lines, I'd been overpaid; so he made me pay him back by acting like "the-doctor-on-the-set" for all his subsequent films. I can't believe you junior sophisticates went for it hook, line, and sinker!

And, oh yeah: about the pimping incident. You got that all wrong. Oliver keeps his dance card full. I'm no pimp, just some star-serving-fake-doctor giving out V-8 shots and living on a movie set. I'm surprised you guys even noticed, but then again, some guys are whores for whispers, aren't they?

Chris Renna
Dallas, Texas

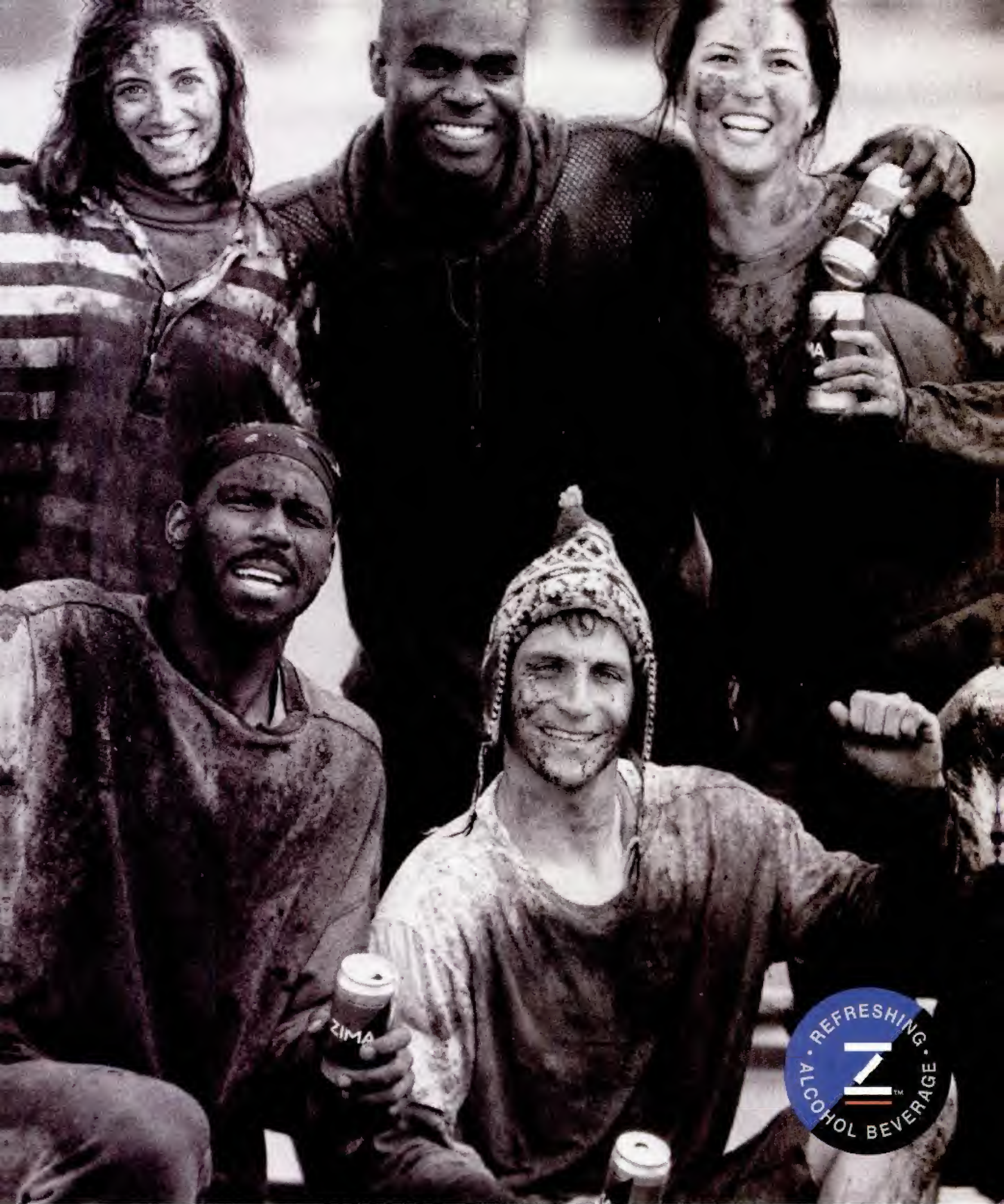
C.C. Baxter responds: Hey Chris, can I get a high colonic with that procto?

Circus of the Stars

As three-time veterans of the movie world (*Buster and Billie*, 1969, and the soon-to-be-released *Gaslight Addition*), this is one South Georgia town that will think twice before hosting Hollywood again.

Stars and L.A. production companies will be given a much closer inspection before being allowed to lash lush green branches to our historic, albeit bare, courthouse-square trees. (It was the middle of December—did they really expect foliage?) City engineers will grimace the next time some shaggy set-construction crew suggests rebuilding a storm drain and sewer system to shoot a 30-second scene. And all the Demi-me-me Moore wannabes will not even bother asking the next bad-hair/dark-sunglasses-at-night/big-boobed star for an autograph, because they know from experience she won't even give them the time of day.

As for the downtown businesses that first thought it exciting to have their storefronts blocked for two months during film-



Some people hanging* around rinsing mud from their teeth.**

*That moment in time between the last thing you did and what you're about to do next: it's only loitering if there's a sign. **Zima is no substitute for brushing regularly, but it is refreshing

when served cold. Oh yeah, and it comes in cans. ©1995 Zima Beverage Co., Memphis, Tennessee. Clear malt beverage with natural flavors. Adult humans only. refresh@zima.com

Letters to SPY

who have either used tampons, fantasized about being a tampon, or are hung like a tampon," by Christopher Strietman over America Online;

"People who are, have been, or should be on Prozac," by an anonymous (who can blame them?) reader over America Online; and the kicker of all kickers—"People who have something to do with Nazis," by Brendon Walsh, of State College, Pennsylvania.

Brendon even goes so far as to include a drawing of himself in his "new SPY T-shirt." Dream on, Bren. The only way you're getting a free shirt is if only you and Lisa Hobson send in guesses for the next List.

We don't know about you, but this E-mail thing may be getting just a little out of hand. What the hell is E-mail, anyway? Because it doesn't seem like mail at all to us—we poor souls who are only trying to make a living now that the mayor has outlawed windshield wiping at traffic lights. And what about phone mail; is that oxymoronic enough? Look, we know it costs an extra three cents to drop a letter these days, but those of you at computer keyboards really do need to get out and walk to the post office once in a while.

For instance, someone named Amit K. Basu E-mailed us this suggestion: "Don't put loose subscription cards in the magazine. I read one issue in the bathtub, and when I opened it, three cards fell into the water." Amit, bubby, those cards are *supposed* to fall into your bathwater. How do you think we sell subscriptions, anyway?

Hmmm, Amit K. Basu, huh? And it just *happens* to be an anagram for "But I a mask," right? Speaking of anagrams, Bryan Dechter, of Penobscot, Maine, sends these:

House Speaker Mr. Newt Gingrich = Our man? Geek! His sphincter grew.

Michael and Lisa Marie = Hi! I came as an ill dream.

ing, they will next time hold out for more than the paltry \$100 offered by Ms. Moore and her crews. So, America, if you can stand to have your bedroom illuminated all night by Musco lights, have the trees outside your windows magically sprout branches overnight, or have "bare-chested blubber boys" with walkie-talkies tell you you can't park in your driveway, then by all means invite Hollywood in. They are always looking for fresh meat.

Anne Montgomery
Statesboro, Georgia

My first job as a grip was with a production that shot caves in Alabama and Tennessee. In one of the Alabama caves we (I say with shame) ran over more than 100 path-lighting fixtures with golf carts, burned out all the motors on said carts, and everybody got carbon monoxide poisoning from a gasoline generator left running *inside the cave* for about four days. Then the company ran off without paying the caterers.

In Tennessee, the set crew painted over a number of markings left from the Civil War, and we laid dolly track over delicate "popcorn" formations that were, we were told, unique in North America. (The operative term here is *were*, because I think we destroyed them all.) There was also a good deal of urinating on stalagmites and other features. I can only be thankful that I worship no pagan gods, because I am sure they would have no sense of humor in these matters.

Movie companies don't come to small towns in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, etc. because stuff exists here that exists nowhere else. They come here because they can bone merchants and laborers, move on, and never have to deal with the consequences. But I'm not bitter.

Brad Hall
braddovski@aol.com

I was greatly humored by your April cover, portraying Geena Davis as the 50-Foot Woman. However, a more accurate representation would have been to show her trampling through my neighborhood, "The Oaks," of Hollywood, California.

Ms. Davis resided down the hill from us for many years, during her marriage to Jeff Goldblum. Just over two years ago she purchased another one of the finest mansions in this subdivision and began massive renovations on the 1920s Spanish home—gutting the entire interior, remov-

ing the exterior walls, windows, and roof tiles. The refurbishing work was abruptly halted after only a few months, however, and the house sat open to weather, vagrants, and gangs. Six months later a FOR SALE sign was posted, the reason being that "Geena's new husband doesn't want to live in that neighborhood."

Sadly, the house has been destroyed, and will most likely be razed—as a result of Ms. Davis's blatant irresponsibility. Seems to me that one of the highest paid couples in Hollywood should have, at the very least, sealed up the house so that someone else could have properly completed the renovation and salvaged the home.

One neighbor obviously had the right idea when they chained a sign to the battered chain-link fence that read, simply, SPEECHLESS. Thanks again for providing us with your humorous comeuppance of those who so deserve it.

P.S.: With regard to your editorial on the Academy Awards process, I'm certain that Ms. Davis lost out to Jodie Foster (in 1991, for Best Actress) because of the horrific Texas accent she used as Thelma.

Teresa Burkett
Los Angeles, California

Your article on Hollywood's depredation of America missed an important after-shock of a Tinseltown invasion: location-obsessed fans. For instance, when the Madonna vehicle *Body of Evidence* featured a scene inside a burial vault located at a pioneer cemetery here in Portland, thieves reportedly broke into the crypt, stole a crematory urn, and dumped the deceased onto the ground. Presumably, the remains were too icky for the fan to contemplate having in their house (or wherever). Now *that's* entertainment!

Darrel Plant
Portland, Oregon

So, um, like, what *is* Domino Pizza's position on abortion, anyway?

Jim Vitrano
Baltimore, Maryland

Half an hour, or your pizza's free.

Succeeding Downwards

With reference to "Failing Upwards: How to Bungle Your Way to the Top" in your April *W*by spoof, I searched the ar-

"As life-restoring as a hot pastrami sandwich in a cold, cruel world!"

— Jan Stuart, Newsday

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ticle expecting to find the names of the two actors who would win hands down the Bungler Lifetime Achievement Award. And I was disappointed not to find Dennis Quaid and Winona Ryder. There isn't a blockbuster among their 40-plus combined titles, the worst among them setting new land-speed records from major release to video-rental bargain bins.

How Winona (née Horowitz) ever found another role after *Dracula*, in which she coughed up the most insipid British accent since Monty Python, is beyond me. However, it wasn't beyond the fools who allowed her to torpedo *The House of the Spirits*, or the mo' better fools who fed *The Age of Innocence* into her like a shredder.

Likewise Dennis Quaid, who had ticked off 22 titles in his first 14 years and still wasn't earning \$2 million a picture. And no wonder—even *The Big Easy*, which grossed a modest \$18 million, scarcely qualified as a success. Never having proved himself a bankable star and never having carried a definitive box-office hit, Quaid nevertheless enjoys a hype that has moved him near the front of a generational pack that includes Costner, Hanks, Willis, Swayze, and Keaton.

Pity the poor bastard whose best-selling biography of Jerry Lee Lewis was turned into the movie *Great Balls of Fire*, starring both Dennis Quaid and Winona Ryder! Picked to beat out *Batman* at the box office in 1989, Quaid's "Killer" seemed more like Foghorn Leghorn—and 17-year-old "Noni" still wasn't mature enough to play the part of Lewis's 13-year-old child bride.

Even though *Great Balls of Fire* plunged Orion Pictures into bankruptcy, the stars moved on to bigger and better blunders: *Undercover Blues*; *Come See the Paradise*; *Welcome Home, Roxy Carmichael*; and *Mermaids*.

Oddly, while Mr. Meg Ryan and Ms. Horowitz continue to hold up box offices with wigs and masks, the poor bastard who wrote the bio of Jerry Lee Lewis went broke when Orion went bankrupt. Once a writer of promise, he hasn't been heard of in a dozen years—one of the many innocent bystanders who've drowned in the wakes of Quaid's and Ryder's careers.

Come to think of it, that poor bastard is me.

Murray Silver
Author, *Great Balls of Fire*
Atlanta, Georgia

Stupid Is As Stupid Is As...

Having just finished your article on the Oscars in the April issue, I feel compelled to point out a glaring error. The article stated that, should Tom Hanks win for *Forrest Gump*, it would be the "first ever back-to-back Best Actor." Spencer Tracy was the first back-to-back Best Actor winner, in 1937 for *Captains Courageous* and 1938 for *Boys Town*.

Eric Brown
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Eric, thank you for pointing out our error. What would we do without you, and readers like Len Lasnik, of Bass Lake, California, who went as far as to send us an article from the San Francisco Chronicle, which gave a list of all four actors to win back-to-back Oscars. Geez, you make one little mistake...

Other Voices, Other Letters

This is to let you know that there are still some of us that enjoy every issue of your fine magazine. Is your stuff as hipster as some accuse? As I am not from New York, some of your features, like "The Industry" and your fixation with Si Newhouse and the tribe Condé Nast, are over my head.

However, you never fail to make me laugh out loud, often in inappropriate places. I find your pranks hark back to a time when it was not a crime to mock the afflicted, only bad taste. Humor in bad taste is often at its funniest, especially when it is performed with the wit and vinegar that only you still seem to possess. With the truly sad death of *Punch* and the encephalitic coma of *Vanity Fair*, it's reassuring that you've returned from the slab. The drop in olfactory quality notwithstanding, your jokes are still April Fresh.

Russell Ives Court
Bologna, Italy

Your magazine is a sad waste of good trees. ["Gimping for the Gold"] is a nasty, mean-spirited, low attempt at humor. You are belittling others because you have such low opinions of yourselves. I hope your self-esteem is better in the future.

Your articles are uninformative, unfunny, and totally uninteresting. Your "sense of humor" is foul and black. You make fun of, laugh at, everything you have set up on a pedestal, in a sorry attempt to bring it back to your level. When you

The Republican "Contract With America" = Newt charm public? Ha! It can create riot.

Although not all of you who E-mail us are out of the loop. David Rumptz writes: "I enjoy the fact that you slam everybody, but it does seem that you typically slam the Democrats when the Republicans are just as bad, if not worse. I think it is your civic duty to find some really good trash on Newt Gingrich." Dave, all you had to do was ask.

So, how to sum up what we've learned from you over this past year that we've been "back"? Easy. We're obviously doing the most wonderful, candy-ass, fearless, suck-up, entertaining, and all-around shit-for-brains job we can possibly do—given the smelly paper and all. And rest assured, we're going to keep on doing exactly that. Just listen to Dayna Browne, who falls into a category all her own by not only answering our survey, but E-mailing us her responses. Although she seems to like our magazine, Dayna opens with a wise and witty summation of our efforts to get to know you better:

"'Irony' is not the appropriate description for this survey. An unfortunate display of wimpy, self-conscious ass-covering is more like it. However, since I do not wish to see SPY disappear again, I am filling it out with the hope that, with a little encouragement, you will find the cast-iron balls you once had."

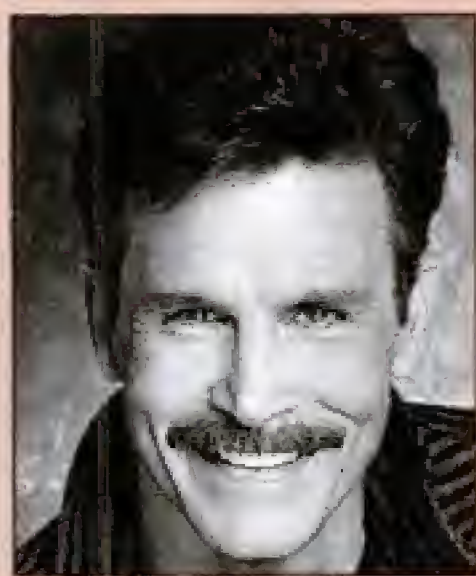
There you have it—the whole love/hate thing in a nutshell. So basically, the way we figure it is, you feel like Woody Allen, and we're either Mia or Soon-Yi, depending on how the Knicks do that night. Young, supple flesh vs. an old favorite—you decide. But know at least one thing, Ms. Browne and all you other E-mailers out there: Okay, okay, so we may not have the cast-iron balls we once had, but no one can deny that we're hung like a tampon. ☺

should never have placed these celebrities and politicians on a pedestal to begin with. I want no part of your horrible venture.

Laurie Harris
Brooklyn, New York

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address them to the Letters Editor, SPY, 49 East 21st Street, 11th floor, New York, New York 10010 (or via E-mail at SpyMagaz@aol.com). Include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. ☛

CORRECTION:



Reports of my demise have been greatly exaggerated. Who said that, Joey Heatherton? Listen, guys, in your April issue ["Oscar the Gimp"], I'm identified as an angel. An angel on one of Heaven's crowded streets, in fact. Hello?

Fortunately or not, I remain on Hollywood's hellish streets, attempting to get work as an openly gay, publicly HIV-positive actor. As a result, my celluloid career may be dead, but I'm not.

Actually, I fill a certain pigeonhole in the marketplace. In spite of the fact I'm incredibly healthy (I'm considering putting my T-cell count on my résumé), I am best known for playing the role of AIDS Victim in a Wheelchair on (Metaphorically) His Last Legs. I recently reprised that character I originally created in *Life Goes On* for an upcoming USA Network film, *A Mother's Prayer*. I feel a bit like Ironside with HIV.

I'm enclosing a recent photo to let you know that not everyone with HIV looks like Tom Hanks.

By the way, I heard a rumor that SPY is dying. I thought I'd check with you before I print it.

Michael Kearns
Glendale, California

Songs that aren't really sung

Bruce McCulloch

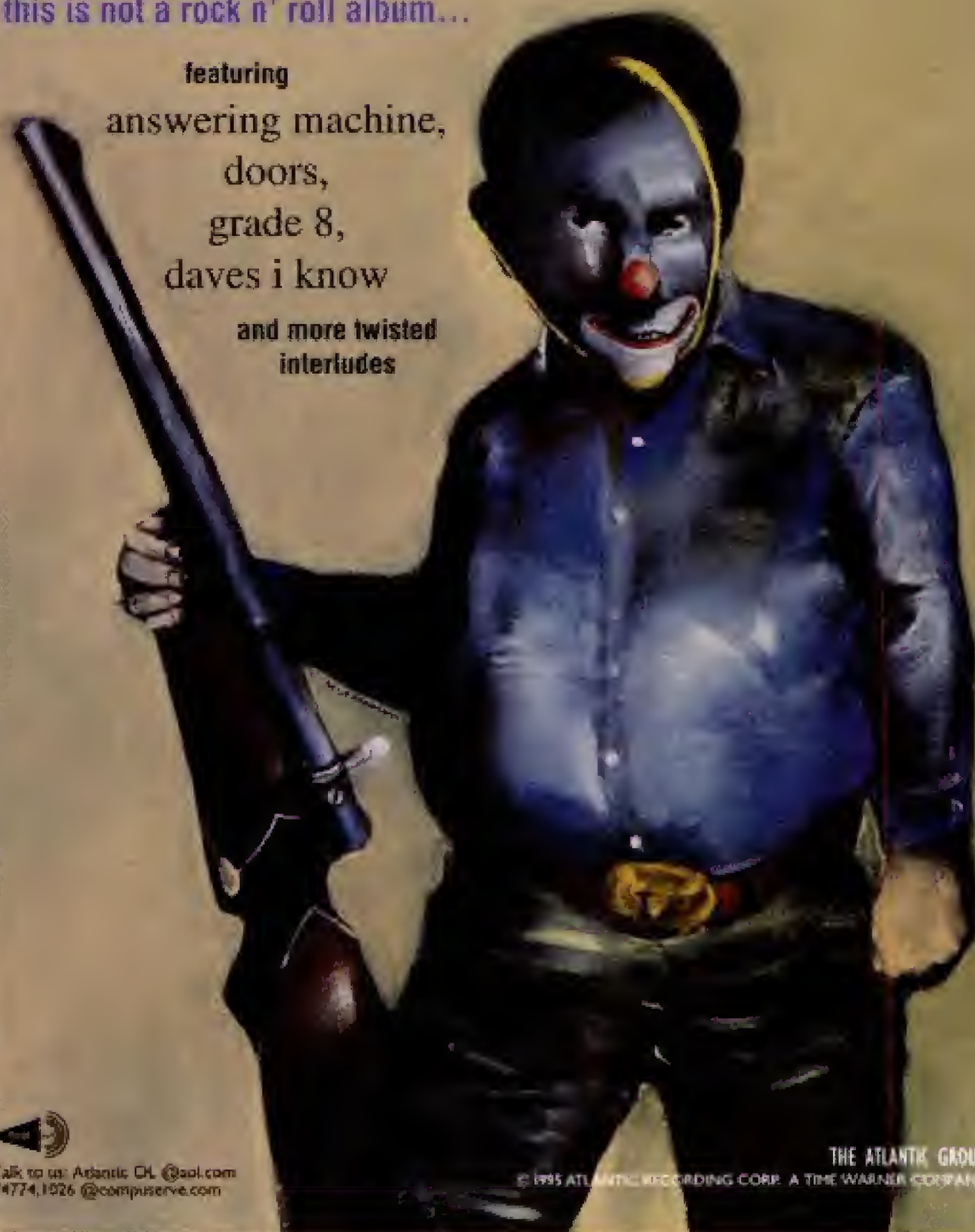
from the kids in the hall

his solo debut

shame-based man

this is not a comedy album...
this is not a rock n' roll album...

featuring
answering machine,
doors,
grade 8,
daves i know
and more twisted
interludes



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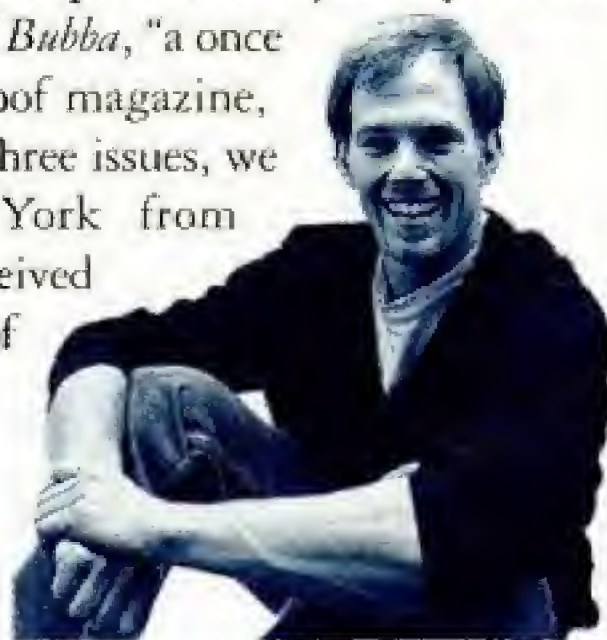
Anna Husarska reports that flying to the United Arab Emirates under the guise of a fax-machine buyer in order to get the story for "1,001 Arabian Appliances—Cheap" (p. 62) was her first secret mission, but by no means her first drinking spree with Russians. A staff writer for both the *New Republic* and the *New Yorker*, Husarska is no stranger to dangerous assignments. Still, she says, "flying into Russia was more risky than being in Sarajevo." Born in Poland, and currently possessed of a French passport, she refers to herself as a double agent; "a triple agent since I wrote for SPY. [But] the only illegal trading I ever did was back in kindergarten: I sold American chewing gum to a classmate for colored pencils.



He took the gum and I never got paid."

HOLLYWOOD WRITER **Mark Ebner** gives the world media permission to call him straight. "Closets are for clothes, not human beings," says Ebner. Shown here with his bodyguard, Sir Mix-A-Lot, Ebner wonders if he'll ever *serve* lunch in this town again, let alone eat it (see "The Gay Mafia" on p. 42).

Greg Easley, who points out John Grisham's shortcomings in "Author, Author" (NAKED CITY, p. 18) feels neither animosity nor professional jealousy toward the best-selling writer. Formerly on the staff of *Bubba*, "a once well-known but now unknown" Clinton spoof magazine, Easley found himself out of a job when "after three issues, we folded." He recently moved to New York from Charlottesville, Virginia, where he "nearly" received his Master's in English from the University of Virginia. When asked about the epoch of the male Southern writer, Easley laments, "Poe was the first in a genealogy of drunken eccentrics and Shepard is the last. Period." Nope, no animosity at all.



SAVANNAH, GA-based **Tyler Norman** entertains us with a bit of odd Southern culture (is there any other kind?) in "Some Like It Really Hot" (NAKED CITY, p. 17). A bona fide expert on the Seychelles, she lived there from 1980 until '82, when she fled during a bloody coup d'état. After returning, she looked to writing to put food on the table, covering topics as diverse as food, politics, and—even briefly—erotica, because it was fun being a

"straitlaced Southern belle getting paid to be nasty." Some of her more printable work has appeared in the *Washington Post*, the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution*, and the *Wall Street Journal*.

PATERSON, NJ native **Kate Walter**'s pastimes include writing "bitchy complaint letters" and going to the country. She says, "I was in the first set of Paterson riots in the early Seventies and got tear-gassed on my front porch." She is an essayist whose work has appeared in the *New York Times*, *Newsday*, and the *Village Voice*. She has also written for "many boring trade magazines," lending her the expertise to craft "Warden, There's a Fly in My Soup" (NAKED CITY, p. 23).



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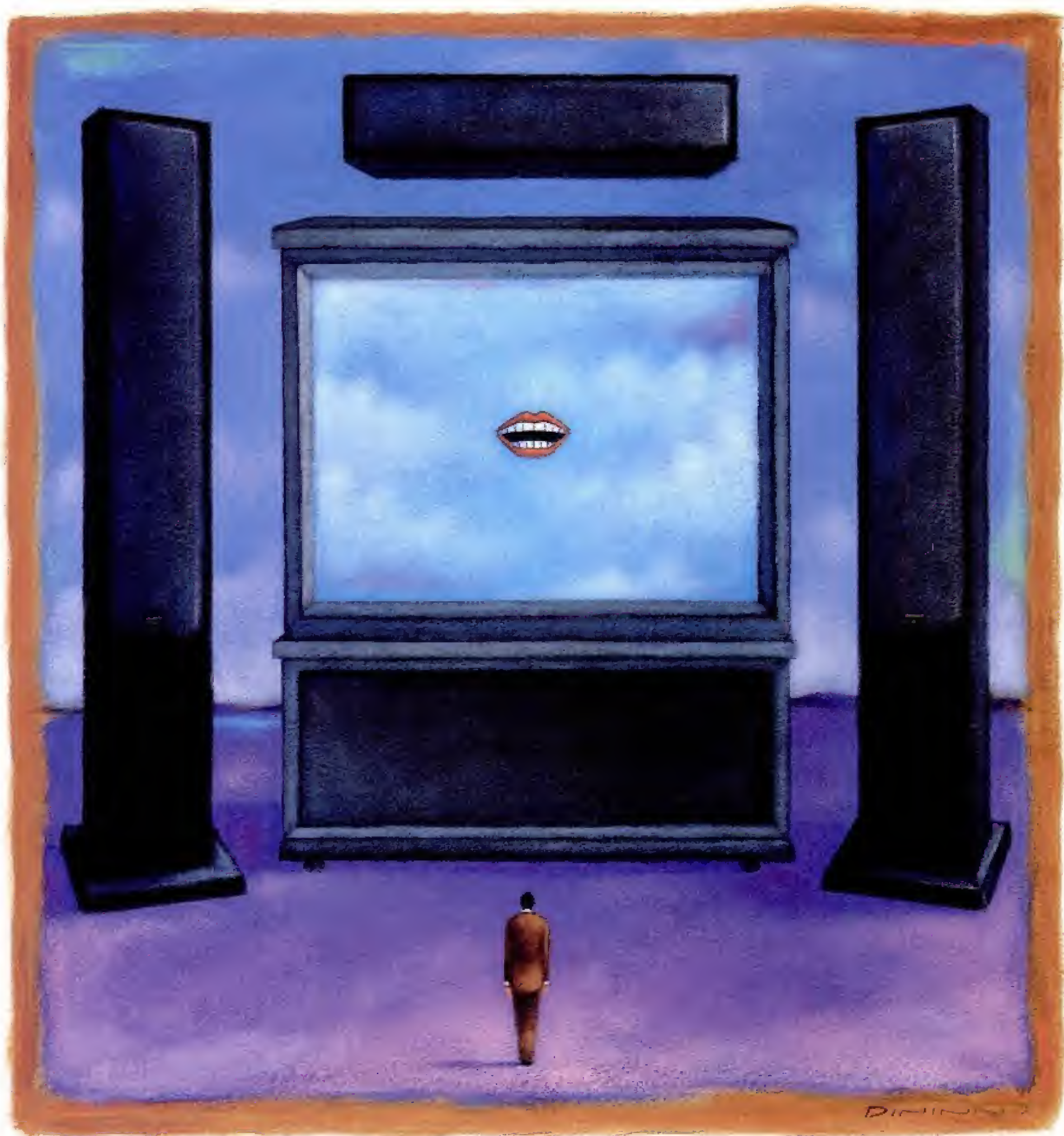
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naked city

The Fine Print

by Michael Applebaum

Life After Congress

After reading *Beyond the Hill*, a Who's Who of over 300 ex-senators and -representatives, we had to ask ourselves: Should we really turn these sex-offending, check-overdrawing, foreign-government-lobbying beermakers out on to the streets? You be the judge.



Sen. Brock Adams (D-Washington)

Abandoned reelection campaign amid accusations of sexual misconduct

Rep. William Alexander (D-Arkansas)

Started his own lobbying firm and registered as a foreign agent

Rep. Michael Barnes (D-Maryland)

Became a chief architect of the massive lobbying effort that resulted in the military takeover of Haiti; his law firm was paid \$55,000 a month in lobbying and legal fees by Haiti's in-and-out-and-in President Jean-Bertrand Aristide

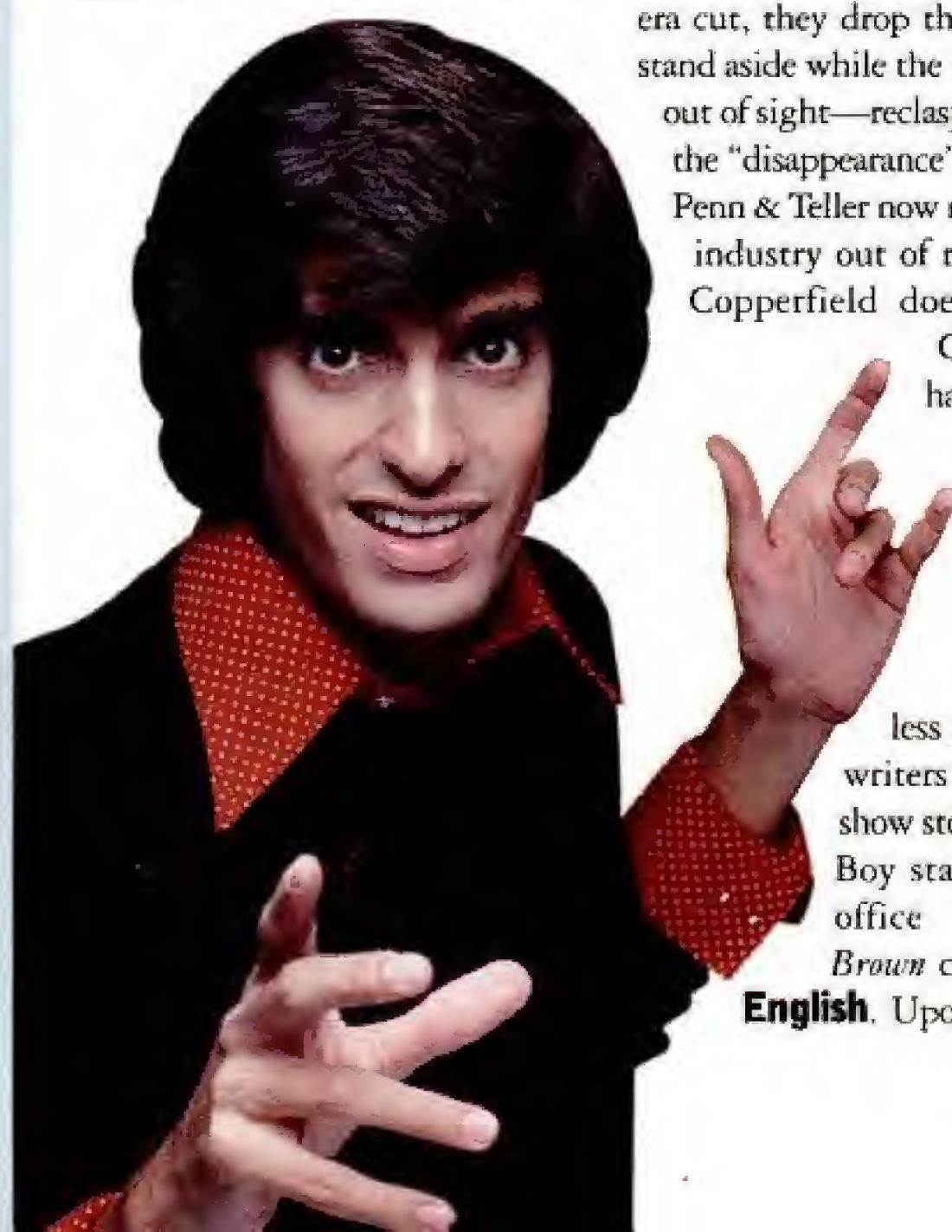
Rep. Mario Biaggi (D-New York)

Resigned house seat after being convicted of bribery, racketeering, conspiracy, and extortion in the Wedtech scandal; used \$386,064 in campaign funds to pay for legal fees during trial; lost reelection bid in 1988; released from federal

the usual Suspects

Attention wannabe screenwriters: **Mimi Polk**, producer of the mega-hit *Thelma and Louise*, is currently seeking writers for a sequel to the story. Of course, since the

two main characters presumably die in their Thunderbird swan dive at the end of the first movie, Polk's idea for the sequel has **Geena Davis** and **Susan Sarandon** coming back from the dead as ghosts—living in **Harvey Keitel's** character's house and haunting Thelma's idiot husband,



Darryl. Never ones to forget their "higher purpose," however, they also come to the aid of women in abusive relationships everywhere, à la some cheesy comic-book heroes.

II A report from **David Copperfield's** pre-**Claudia Schiffer**

days reveals the master magician always had a way with the ladies. As one ex-member of his tour-bus entourage puts it: "He's a pig with women. He would pick up a fan, fuck her, then drop her off the bus with a \$50 bill for 'cab fare.'" Even more unseemly is Copperfield's propensity for passing off camera tricks as magic: His audiences are actually paid extras who are required—as are crew members—to sign oaths that they will not reveal how he does his tricks. This "audience" will be paid to hold hands around, say, the Orient Express. Then, during a sneak camera cut, they drop their hands and stand aside while the train is moved out of sight—reclapping hands for the "disappearance" denouement. Penn & Teller now make a cottage industry out of revealing how Copperfield does his tricks.

Copperfield has stated publicly, "They should die."

III
As a harmless prank, several writers from another show stole a Bob's Big Boy statue from the office of *Murphy Brown* creator **Diane English**. Upon discovering

the theft, English reportedly went ballistic, ordering security checks at all the studio gates, and was overheard ranting, "How could this be? The breach of security! If they could steal Big Boy, they could steal a script for the show!" Judging by the tepid ratings her new shows, *Love & War* and *Double Rush*, have received, one would suspect they were stolen. Meanwhile, ransom notes for Big Boy started appearing: "We have Big Boy. We're gonna send you his ear." In response, English ordered people's

trunks to be searched as they left the studio.

IV
Distraught that Group W, the Kmart of syndicators, was about to cancel her abysmally dull talk show, **Marilu Henner** offered to cough up the next 16 weeks of production costs out of her own pocket. Though this desperate act should keep *Marilu* alive on life-support, Dr. Kevorkian has been alerted.



naked city

Georgia Peaches

Some Like It Really Hot

Small-town America can be a drag.

Located in the heart of the south Georgia countryside, the town of Metter (pop. 3,800) is not exactly the type of place that makes you think of drag queens. In Metter, pickup trucks outnumber cars by five to one, and local entertainment is chasing fire engines or driving over to Candler County Hospital to watch the Lifestar helicopter land. Although the Klan may have packed their robes long ago, Bible thumping and good old hellfire and brimstone still echo throughout the quiet streets.

And yet, amidst the *Mayberry* surroundings, is 'The Hole,' the rough-by-Metter-standards neighborhood that is home to The Sisters, a group of five black transvestites who live together in a gray clapboard shack. Inside, Martin Luther King

Benjamin "Toot" Hobbs, and Tyris "Nikki" Mainer prefer to curl up on the sofa, cussin' at the characters on *The Young and the Restless*. But when leaving

the comforts of home, how do a gaggle of drag queens fare in the house that Newt built?

Reverend Danny Beam, the white pastor of First Baptist Church, explains that the community has chosen to accept The Sisters because they "have no choice." He considers the goings-on in 'The Hole,' "a dropped issue." And although some parents have resorted to telling small children that it's Halloween when they spot Toot and Charity strolling by in their heels and pantsuits, Rev. Beam turns to the Bible: "In this town, we hate the sin, but we love the sinner."

There's nothing quite like Southern comfort, is there? Of course, when asked about bringing The Sisters into the fold, Beam is not so optimistic. "To Metter's credit," he adds, "we haven't gone over and run them out on a rail. Twenty years ago there would have been a cross-burning."

—Tyler Norman



shares electric blue wall space with snapshots of various pretty boys flexing their muscles in tiny bathing suits.

None of The Sisters work, because one doesn't do well in the South when one goes to job interviews dressed in drag. Instead, Sisters Ronald "Charity" Donaldson,

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

prison in 1992 and lost in the Democratic primary; currently working on memoirs and living in the Bronx

Rep. William Boner (D-Tennessee)

Elected mayor of Nashville in 1987; currently doing public relations for gospel singer Bobby Jones

Rep. Jack Buechner (R-Missouri)

Registered as a foreign agent for Albania

Rep. James McClure Clarke (D-North Carolina)

Currently raising apples and raspberries on his farm in North Carolina

Sen. Alan Cranston (D-California)

Became chairman of the California-based Gorbachev Foundation, U.S.A.

Rep. Daniel Crane (R-Illinois)

Returned to his dental practice in Illinois after losing his seat in the house after admitting to having had sex with a congressional page

Rep. Joseph DioGuardi (R-New York)

Authored *Unaccountable Congress—It Doesn't Add Up* and produced a video on government spending

Rep. Thomas Downey (D-New York)

Currently lobbying Congress on behalf of duPont, Seagram & Sons, Metropolitan Life, Time-Warner, and U.S. Healthcare

Rep. Edward Feighan (D-Ohio)

Co-owns Ohio microbrewery that makes Erin Brew

Rep. Robert Garcia (D-New York)

Convicted of extortion in the Wedtech Scandal in 1989 and served 104 days in prison before his conviction was reversed;

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

currently back in his old neighborhood promoting a congressional members prayer breakfast and Bible study group

Rep. Bill Gradison (R-Ohio)

Left office two months after reelection to become the president of the Health Insurance Association of America; was the driving force behind the now infamous "Harry and Louise" TV commercials

Rep. Kenneth Gray (D-Illinois)

Founded the Ken Gray Historical Museum in West Frankfort, Illinois

Rep. George Hansen (R-Idaho)

Currently in federal prison serving a four-year sentence for bank fraud

Rep. Clyde Holloway (R-Louisiana)

Owns and operates Clyde Holloway's Nursery in Forest Hill, Louisiana

Rep. Carroll Hubbard (D-Kentucky)

Sentenced to three years in prison on felony charges resulting from the misuse of campaign funds and obstruction of justice

Rep. Andy Ireland (R-Florida)

Became Vice President of Government Relations for Irvin and Kenneth Feld Productions, Inc., which owns the Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Circus

Sen. Paul Laxalt (R-Nevada)

Registered as a foreign agent

Rep. William Lehman (D-Florida)

Currently lobbying on behalf of Miami-based Blockbuster Corporation, requesting \$42 million in federal funds to construct interchanges at Blockbuster's planned theme park in

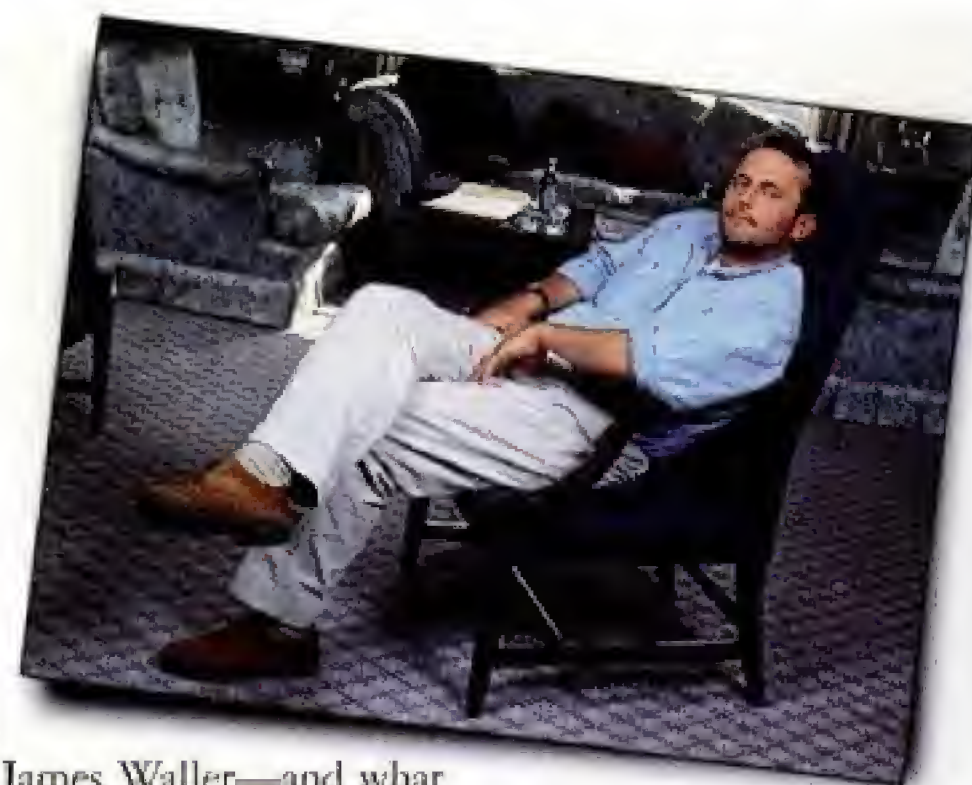
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Pap Fiction

Author, Author?

Lost Generation vs. Next Generation

Compare the two-fisted novelists of yesteryear to the new generation of write-by-the-numbers lightweights—say, Hemingway, Faulkner, and Fitzgerald versus Crichton, Grisham, and (choke) Robert James Waller—and what do you find? We're not talking merit here. You don't need a Yale doctorate and a closet full of tweed to recognize that the latter group is drain hair in the fiction basin. But these button-pressers, like it or not, are the representative novelists of our market-driven times. Whereas the Lost Generation stumbled through Europe in a stupor, engaged in shameless trysts, and reaped all the laurels the literary world had to offer, Waller & Co. hold hands and sing mawkish songs by the campfire. Accountants keep track of their laurels. Has the *boisson* of choice of American belletrists gone from bourbon, straight-up to chardonnay? —Greg Easley



Grisham

Faulkner

Residences:	Oxford, Mississippi and Charlottesville, Virginia	Oxford, Mississippi and Charlottesville, Virginia
The Calling:	"It wasn't something I'd always wanted to do. I never dreamed of being a writer when I was a kid or even when I was a student....I never made the decision, 'I'm going to be a writer.'"	"Of course the first thing, the writer's got to be demon-driven. He's got to have to write, he don't know why, and sometimes he will wish that he didn't have to, but he does."
Day Jobs:	Sunday-school teacher, state legislator, lawyer (quit)	Rum-runner, shrimper, postmaster (fired)
Sales:	<i>The Client</i> , his fourth novel, sells 2.6 million hardback copies in first month of publication.	<i>Sanctuary</i> , his "breakthrough" sixth novel, sells 6,000 copies in first month-and-a-half of publication.
Critical Acclaim:	"I knew John had a way with words. He's written me very special letters." —Renée Grisham (wife)	"I would have been happy just to have managed him." —Ernest Hemingway
Stunts:	"I was able to go to Brazil last year with about 40 other people....We went to a remote area of the country and built a church in four days. We took two doctors, a dentist, and a couple of nurses with us; two or three medical teams."	"I took up a rotary-motored Spad with a crock of bourbon in the cockpit, gave diligent attention to both, and executed...a nearly perfect loop." A hanger got in the way and he flew through the roof and ended up "hanging from the rafters."
Writerly Wisdom:	"You must have three elements: how it starts, the end, and what happens in the middle.... When you're writing suspense, you can't spend a lot of time on persons, places, or settings."	I'm interested primarily in people, in man in conflict with himself, with his fellow man, or with his time and place, his environment. So I think there's really no rule for how to begin to write."
Awards:	At Mississippi State University, received a "D" in freshman English	Made an officer of the French Legion of Honor; Pulitzer Prize for Literature; National Book Award for Fiction; Nobel Prize for Literature

Celebrity Math Chapter 15 by Mark O'Donnell

$$\begin{array}{ccccccc}
 \text{Huey Lewis} & + & \frac{1}{2} & \text{Michael J. Fox} & + & \frac{1}{10} & = & \text{Robert Palmer} \\
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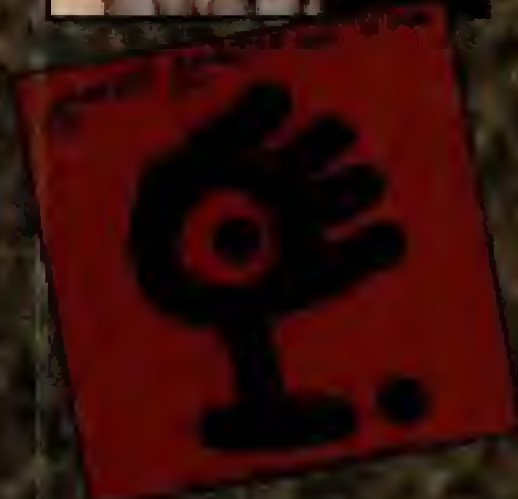
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GRAMAVISION

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

South Florida

Rep. Donald E. "Buz" Lukens (R-Ohio)

Forced to resign his seat in 1990 after being convicted of charges that he had sex with a 16-year-old girl and offered the mother a government job to silence her.

Rep. Raymond McGrath
(R-New York)

Retired in 1992 to become the president of the Washington-based Beer Institute

Sen. John Melcher
(D- Montana)

Registered as a foreign agent

Rep. Tommy Robinson
(D-Arkansas)

Finished political career in 1990 with the highest total of overdrafts at the House bank (996)

Rep. Lawrence Smith
(D-Florida)

Accused of using campaign funds to pay gambling debts and pleaded guilty to income tax evasion in May 1993; currently working as a lobbyist with the Cuban American Foundation

Rep. Pat Swindall
(R-Georgia)

Served time in an Atlanta prison for lying to a federal grand jury; worked in real estate and flea-market management following his conviction

Sen. Steve Symms
(R-Idaho)

Is a director of the Albertson's supermarket chain

Rep. Gene Taylor
(R-Missouri)

Founded the Gene Taylor
Library and Museum

Rep. Charles Whitley
(D-North Carolina)

Became a consultant and lobbyist to the Tobacco Institute in Washington



Department of Subtle Differences, Part I

What Are You, A Comedian?

"Less than 24 hours from right now, the O.J. Simpson trial officially begins, and there has been dissension among his defense team. You wonder if O.J. isn't saying to himself just about now, 'Maybe I should have called Jacoby & Meyers.'"

—David Letterman, January 18, 1995

"Fighting continues among the O.J. lawyers....I guess Shapiro wasn't talking to Bailey, Bailey's not talking to Shapiro, Johnnie Cochran is trying to get the two of them together. Get the feeling O.J. is sitting in his cell saying, 'Oh man, why didn't I just call Jacoby & Meyers?'"
—Jay Leno, January 18, 1995

"You people seem like such a wonderful audience, here's what I'm going to do: I'm going to let you have conjugal visits." —David Letterman, January 19, 1995

"Before we begin, I have an announcement from the management here at NBC. Let me just tell you: Conjugal visits in the audience will not be tolerated during the program." —Jay Leno, January 19, 1995

"Johnnie Cochran, one of O.J. Simpson's attorneys, received kind of a setback today. O.J. said his arthritis had gotten so bad he may not be able to sign Cochran's paycheck." —David Letterman, January 31, 1995

"Actually, I don't think O.J. is happy with his defense team. They made some mistakes yesterday. In fact, after Johnnie Cochran's opening remarks, O.J. told him his arthritis is so bad he can't write any more checks."
—Jay Leno, *January 31, 1995*

"Earlier today, former Vice President Dan Quayle announced that he would not be running for President in 1996. However...[he] says he has not ruled out entirely running for President in 1997." —David Letterman, February 9, 1995

"Ladies and gentlemen, some very sad news. Dan Quayle announced today he is not running for President in 1996. However, he did not rule out running in '97."
—Jay Leno, February 9, 1995



The SPY List

Marlon Brando

Katharine Hepburn

Godfrey Cambridge

Mickey Rooney

Myrna Loy

Peter Sellers

Linda Hunt

Eddie Murphy

John Wayne

Natalie Wood

Peter Lorre

Ava Gardner

FACING REALITY

JEANINE WOKE UP IN A COLD SWEAT, WITH ONE THING ECHOING THROUGH HER BRAIN. WHO IS THIS GUY IN HER BATHROOM?

MEANWHILE BARRY WAS THINKING, "WHOSE BATHROOM AM I IN?"

JEANINE REMEMBERED GOING TO A PARTY THE NIGHT BEFORE AND GETTING SMASHED OUT OF HER MIND

BARRY RECALLED GETTING DRUNK AND ACTING REALLY STUPID!

EVENTUALLY..... THE WHOLE EVENING CAME BACK.

OH, I MUST BE REALLY STUPID. I MUST BE REALLY DUMB. WHAT DID I DO? HOW DID I GET MYSELF INTO THIS MESS?

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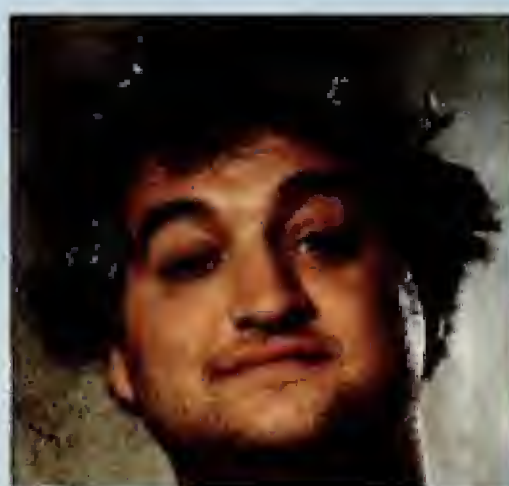


NATIONAL INSTITUTE ON DRUG ABUSE. U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES.

Separated at Birth?



Mother of feminism
Betty Friedan...



...and Blues Brother
John Belushi?



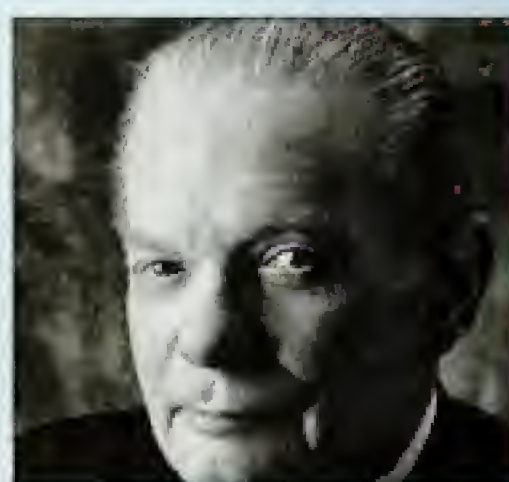
Alienated presidential
hopeful Phil Gramm...



...and E.T.?



Rolling Stones drummer
Charlie Watts...



...and David Brinkley?



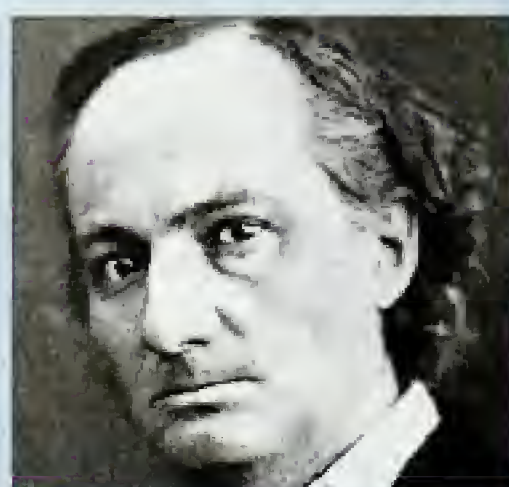
Barry "Looks Like We
Made It" Manilow...



...and *Penthouse* publish-
er Bob Guccione?



Bill Murray...



...and French poet
Charles-Pierre Baudelaire?

Orient Expressions

Spiel of Fortune

SPY talks to the fortune-cookie muse.

You've mopped up the last of the plum sauce with the final bite of Peking Duck, picked out the last of the broccoli from the mixed vegetables, and eaten all the cashews out of the chicken. You're bloated, stuffed, and swelling with MSG intake—but there's always room for one more item: the fortune cookie. We know there's no sense or logic to the notion that a cookie can tell your future, but still we can't leave them alone. Who writes these things, anyway? Is there actually some great mystic of the East who knows us even before we place our order? Ever curious about these matters, SPY interviewed Maryann Blais of United Automation Technology, a creative genius behind the fortune cookie, to get some answers. —*Rebecca Serksnys*

Q: What's your official title?

A: It's not an official title because you don't just do one job. I don't, anyway.

Q: How did you get into the business of fortune creation?

A: There were two other people in the office when I first started. I slowly killed each person off—that's what they say: "Maryann killed everybody!"—because both people who worked in here passed away that same year.

Q: That's strange.

A: And then one day the president's wife came in and sat down at the desk in front of me. I said, "What are you doing?" And she said, "Writing fortunes." And I went, "Oh, that's neat. I would love to do something like that." So I tried it on my own, to try to make some up. I thought the same thing that everybody else thinks—there's some little Chinese man sitting in a room with a little desk light, thinking up all these messages.

Q: Is there a James Joyce of your office—anyone who's the best at this?

A: My boss says, How come I don't do this all the time—because he thinks that my messages are always on the romantic/mischievous side: "There's someone in the room watching you."

Q: Who are your literary influences?

A: I love Stephen King and Dean Koontz; horror, mystery, scary stuff.

Q: Do you consider yourself a poet?

No, not a poet. I would just say that I'm artistically creative.

A: So, are you psychic?

Well, I guess because I'm a Scorpio, and they say that we usually are. Sometimes I am...sometimes it will just hit me.

Q: What's the most common fortune?

A: "Help! I'm being held captive in a fortune-cookie factory."

Q: Do you like Chinese food?

A: That's a good question. I don't think so.

Q: How do you feel about the new trade sanctions on China?

A: China's very tough. It's very difficult dealing with them...very difficult to do [fortunes] there.

Q: Give us a prediction on O.J.: guilty or innocent?

A: Set-up. I think he might have gone there while it was happening—it was like the wrong place at the wrong time. I don't believe that he did it all. I can't imagine that man hurting anybody. I don't care what they show about Nicole on TV, she was probably a true floozy. A tramp. She probably ordered a kilo of cocaine and they were coming to collect. You know what I mean?

Q: Are you involved in any other religions, any other forms of the occult?

A: No. No occult. I was brought up a very strict Catholic.

Special Interests

Warden, There's a Fly in My Soup!

Foggy Bottom isn't the only place plagued by pesky special interests. Postal routes nationwide are besieged by trade magazines for the small percentage of the populace interested in, say, potato minutiae. Here's our Top 8. —*Kate Walter*

• **Concrete Pipe News.** A quarterly magazine featuring articles about the installation of concrete pipes throughout the world. Sample article: "Proceed with Caution: Constructing a Sewer Line Through a Contaminated Environment Requires Careful Planning and Investigation."

• **Hazardous Waste News.** A weekly newsletter with up-to-date information on hazardous-waste regulations, impacts, and new developments. Sample articles: "Russian Hazwaste Technology Compared to Discovery of Gold"; "Con Edison Pays \$9 Million Fine for Contaminating

New York Harbor."

• **Jane's Defence Weekly.** International news on the global defense industry. Sample article: "Turkey Turns to Pakistan for Bombs."

• **Spudman.** This magazine is the "Voice of the Potato Industry." Sample articles: "Tracing Late Blight Back to 1842"; "Tackling the Mysteries of Scab."

• **Tow Times.** Monthly magazine for the towing industry. Sample articles: "Tow Trucks Take the Stage at International Trucking Show"; "Coping with a Part-Time Husband."

• **Lab Animal.** Monthly magazine of ideas, information, meth-

ods, and materials for the animal-research professional. Sample articles: "Fat Mice Shed Light on Obesity"; "...Coping with Research Animal Death."

• **Chain Store Age Executive.** Monthly news magazine for headquarters retail management. Sample article: "Time for a Mega Mall Update."

• **Correctional FoodServices.** A quarterly magazine of helpful ideas for food service operators in prisons and detention centers. Sample articles: "Candy a No-no in Wisconsin"; "Holiday Meals with Variety."

Honorable Mention: Swine Practitioner, Battery Man, Nut Grower, Narc Officer, Cattle Today.



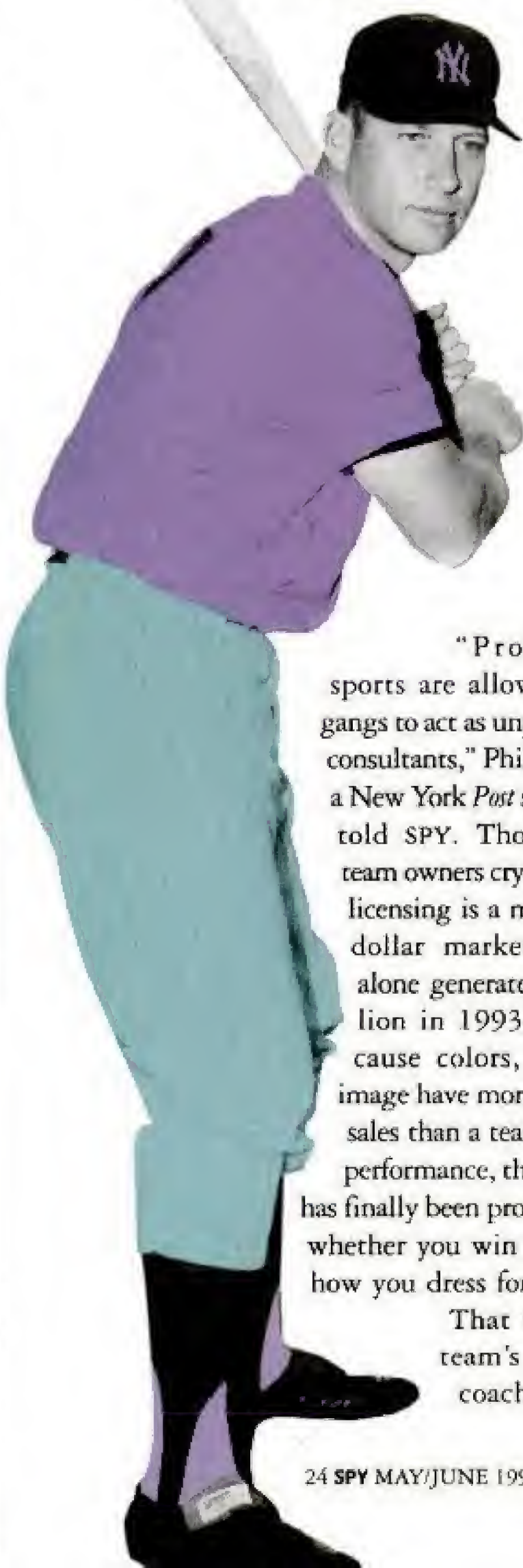
C-C-C-Colors

Take Me Out to the Rumble

In today's sports world, it's the Jets vs. the Sharks all over again.

The reputation of professional sports has taken a beating of late, sullied by bitter strikes and lockouts, ugly labor-relation actions, and controversy over salary caps. Now gangs are joining the fray, leaving many teams black and blue. Well, actually black and teal. Catering to the tastes of gangs and the kids who emulate them, many teams in the United States's four major professional sports leagues are donning uniforms in black or teal colors.

Each of the four leagues (representing baseball, football, basketball, and hockey) has given birth to expansion teams in the last five years, and almost 10 of these new teams play in black or teal. Even older, established teams are fading to black—disregarding their traditional colors for the guaranteed sales increase in black-colored merchandise.



"Professional sports are allowing street gangs to act as unpaid fashion consultants," Phil Mushnick, a New York *Post* sportswriter, told SPY. Though many team owners cry poor, sports licensing is a multibillion-dollar market (baseball alone generated \$2.5 billion in 1993). And because colors, logo, and image have more impact on sales than a team's on-field performance, the old axiom has finally been proven: It's not whether you win or lose; it's how you dress for the game.

That is why the team's sartorial coach is more

valued than the offensive coordinator. In fact, coming up with new colors and logos is a two-year process involving color forecasters, focus groups, fashion consultants, and a design team. Rick White, president of Major League Baseball Properties, told the *New York Times* that Anne Occi, the design director of Major League Baseball Properties, "is absolutely instrumental to the way people see the game of baseball today."

And hockey fans can rejoice that the *prêt-à-porter* set (specifically Tommy Hilfiger, Donna Karan, Norma Kamali, and Nicole Miller) incorporated NHL team jerseys in recent lines. "A lot of people who bought sports-team merchandise didn't even know what sport the team played," Karen Raugust, editor of the *Licensing Letter*, told SPY. "League merchandise did become very popular with gangs, especially basketball and football."

Rather than distance themselves from this moral quagmire, however, many professional teams began to endorse it. The Chicago White Sox, suffering for years at the bottom of baseball's merchandising pack, jumped from 23rd place to 1st place in 1990 when they changed their colors from red and blue to black with white and silver trim. The makeover also helped as an image toughener, appealing to Crip and Blood alike. The Los Angeles Kings (NHL) and Atlanta Falcons (NFL) followed suit, and sales of their merchandise has subsequently increased.

Then came the onset of teal appeal. The San Jose Sharks were a miserable hockey expansion franchise, winning only 28 of their first 164 games. During that time, however, only the three-time champion NBA Chicago Bulls sold more licensed products among all professional sports teams. In the wake of the Sharks's teal-appeal success, several expansion teams have ballyhooed their blues: the NBA's Charlotte Hornets and Vancouver Grizzlies; baseball's Florida Marlins; the NHL's Anaheim Mighty Ducks; and the NFL's Jacksonville Jaguars.

The teal revolution awakened many to the odious development that concession-stand competition was becoming more compelling than on-the-field action. The best way to capitalize on a team's home-stadium revenue? Milk fan allegiance—and offer more stuff than the competitor. In the last two years, the Philadelphia Phillies and Florida Marlins have each instituted three caps into their actual uniform rotation, including a "home, day" cap for the former, and a "Sunday" cap for the latter. Thus, the Phils and the Fish had a 3-to-1 sales advantage over their rivals.

Another important element in getting a successful edge in the concession stands is picking a logo that kids—and gangs—will love. How can clunky old duds like the New Jersey Nets and the Utah Jazz compete with state-of-the-art team logos with cool

names like the Orlando Magic and the Sharks? Now insiders say the Nets are petitioning

the NBA to change their name to the more kid-friendly "Swampdragons." But Toronto has gone one better. Kids love dinosaurs, and kids love sports stars, so the NBA awarded its first Canadian franchise to the Toronto Raptors: Imagine marrying the prehistoric wonder of the Mesozoic era with the histrionic thunder of a modern sports hero. And the Raptors have teal in their uniforms.

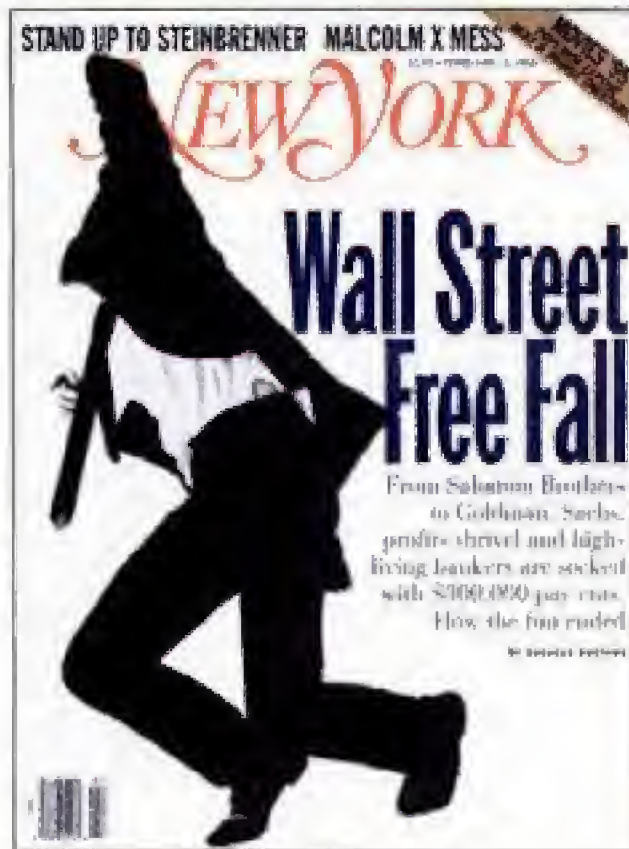
—Lance
"Babe" Gould



Department of Subtle Differences, Part II

Babylon Revisited

New and improved *New York*—or just the same old idea?



February 13, 1995



February 1990



February 6, 1995



September 1993

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A Woman's Prerogative Daddy Dearest

Just when you thought you'd seen the last of angst-ridden, Reagan-family dropout Patti Davis—she's back. Regarding her soon-to-be-released book *Angels Don't Die: My Father's Gift of Faith*, it seems that since she last wrote about her tormented past in *The Way I See It*, Davis has recalled her father's wisdom about "God, and angels, and miracles," and, in the process, learned how to forgive *and* forget.

"The Way I See It"

On Ron's emotional distance:

"I've felt anger toward my father...for his distance, his abandonment, his question to my brother: 'Do you think a child can be born evil?'"

On his denial:

He has "an astounding ability to turn away from any reality which is too harsh, and paint one that is softer, gentler to the eyes. It's the secret behind his smile, which is always right there, either blazing across his face or tugging at the corners of his mouth."

On his role in her failed romances:

"For years, I didn't see how I invited romance into my life just to sabotage it. I was on a mission to punish not only my father, but the entire male sex....I'd decided the guy was going to abandon me before he'd even thought of it. So of course he would and then I could blame him, and continue...being a little girl whose father never noticed her."

On achieving closeness with her mother:

"My mother and I have shared the same realities of pill-taking and denial. And enmity. I've fought her with tactics she taught me. In my determination to be different from her, I have actually moved a little bit closer to her...."

"Angels Don't Die"

"He's shy. My father is shy...I had misinterpreted that shyness as emotional distance...it wasn't distance at all. He was just being shy."

"My father has always understood the value of humor....[It] makes life smoother, lets it go down easier. Which is sort of how my father looks much of the time—as if he's just swallowed something delicious, that went down smoothly and easily...a life milkshake."

"I don't necessarily subscribe to the theory that women look for their fathers in other men....And what I'm realizing is that the most disastrous romantic choices had little to do with who my father is; they had to do with my ignorance of who he is, and of the gifts I was meant to receive from him."

"Finally, [my mother and I] stepped into a circle of light where only Love was allowed to enter. It seems so perfect to me now that she has taken her place in this story, guided it in some ways; I can't remember seeing it any other way."

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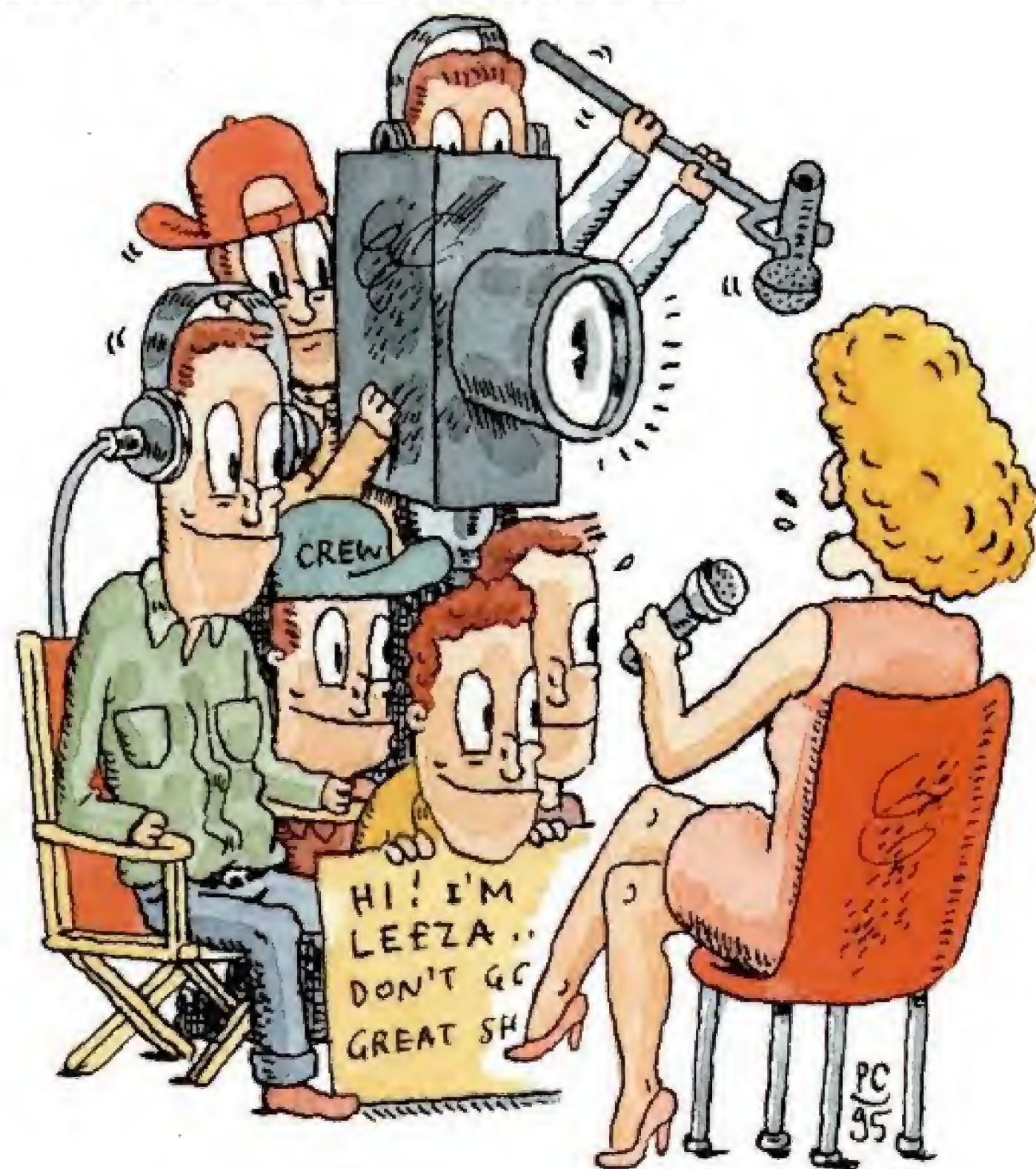
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WHENEVER AGING, sorority-sister-styled talktress Leeza Gibbons flashes her studio audience, the boys in her lighting booth keep a faithful score of each panty peek. Gibbons's apparent fetish for wearing revealing, tight short skirts is a personality flaw manifested by her favorite show topics: "Staying Young" shows featuring liposuction/plastic surgery victims and/or a lineup of beefy *Playgirl* centerfolds.

I'm Ready for My Crotch Shot, Mr. DeMille



Such is the makeup of daytime TV, where behind the scenes can get as sleazy as it does in front of the cameras. But, even in this slush pile of a world, Gibbons and her show, *Leeza*, stand out. Her staff is peopled with pretty boys she's given pet names to, like "Stud Guard" and "Java." And her ex-associate producer, Charles Dabney, now goes by the name Charles *Perez* and has launched a morning yawner of his own, aimed at the youth market and offering such fare as "She's a Hoochie."

You may recall that Gibbons's original talk show was *John & Leeza*, which co-starred *Entertainment Tonight* sidekick John Tesh. Then Tesh was dropped for what's called, in industry parlance, "not being strong enough." How about just plain "stupid"? As in *phenomenally* stupid. Tesh, it seems, could not handle any unscripted, unrehearsed chat at all. Witness the following loosely described outtakes that never sniffed the foul stench of morning air time:

Producer: Okay, do a little chat. Talk about what you had for dinner over the weekend, then we're gonna go to a live satellite interview with Debbie Allen and Norm Nixon at their new restaurant Georgia.

Leeza: John, how was your weekend?

John: It was really bad. A rat died in the wall of my bedroom, and the whole house stunk from the decomposing rat.

Producer: CUT! John, we gotta talk about a restaurant. Talk about food... something.

Leeza: How was your weekend, John?

John: It was pretty interesting. I had to eat out at restaurants all weekend because a big rat died in my wall.

Producer: CUT!

Was Tesh just fucking with Leeza? An insider says flatly, "No. He was serious."

On another show, John asked a "famous" pet shrink: "Why do dogs always like to watch when you're going to the toilet? Every time I sit down on the toilet, my dog keeps running over to watch me. What is it with them? Do they know we're going to the bathroom?"

So, Leeza now works solo, running another talk show where both guests and audience are

compensated, scripted into the show, and pre-informed of most questions. But who really runs these shows? Well, the president of NBC, West Coast, O.J. Simpson pal Don Ohlmeyer, has issued an edict stressing: "We will not run any stories implying O.J.'s guilt."

A few months ago, Leeza's guest/topic was: "I Was O.J.'s Personal Astrologer." The guy turned out to have been an extra on *Naked Gun* who did O.J.'s chart. Still, Ohlmeyer vetoed the concept, so the guest was "refashioned" and turned up on the show saying he did *Nicole's* chart.

Meanwhile...in the most extreme example of trumped-up self-importance, Joel "I'm With Her" Shukovsky and *Murphy Brown* creator Diane English still like to refer to their "political connections." Despite the fact that they didn't cough up for the Clinton campaign, Shukovsky sufficiently kissed the Harry and Linda Bloodworth-Thomasons's asses and managed to wangle a pair of inauguration tickets out of them.

Seated at the dinner, Shukovsky slapped a "Hello My Name Is Diane" tag on the leather Chanel jacket he'd bought his wife for Christmas. Unfortunately, it did not appeal to English, who promptly ripped off the tag—along with several inches of material from the jacket. Fuming, English later dispatched her secretary to a nearby Chanel store for a replacement, only to discover that it was a cheap counterfeit.

Shukovsky, the infamous "cheapest man who ever lived," once tried to serve the *Love & War* crew old meatballs from a wedding scene taped earlier in the day. It was prop food that had been sitting under hot lights all afternoon, never intended nor fit for human consumption.

Things grew so absurd on the set that Susan Dey—hearing the *Murphy Brown* people at least got hot dogs—demanded that her crew get fed properly, even if she had to pay for it out of her own salary. Shukovsky, the producer, was then caught cutting a tray of sandwiches into quarters to stretch a token meal for a crew who, by now, had gotten used to a diet of donuts. All's fair in love, war, & television. —*Laureen Hobbs*

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SPY 3



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Water on the Brain

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME you did or said something that was “a cry for help?” I don’t mean in the namby-pamby literary/psychological way that eating a pint of ice cream is a cry for help; I mean *really* a cry for help. In other words, when was the last time you cried “*Help!*”? Me neither—except for that one occasion at the age of around 16 when, in the midst of some desultory splash in a big municipal pool somewhere, it occurred to me that I might be, for want of a better term, drowning.

I struggled a bit and then, somewhat reluctantly, croaked a “*Help!*” that was, to be sure, a cry for help. But I made certain to do it very quietly, lest someone hear me and I be embarrassed. Shortly thereafter I regained my customary Junior Life Guard aquatic aplomb, whatever that means, and swam to safety.

Despite this triumph over the forces of na-

ture, I’m still wary of water. I fantasize—not at length, not pleasurably, but still—about needing to swim for my life across this or that ocean and, sadly, being unable to do so. How do I get there? What are the circumstances? Oh, it hardly matters: a plane crash, a teleportation mishap, a luxury cruise gone horribly wrong. You know how it is. The little innocent steps accrue, one thing leads to another, and suddenly you’re bobbing in the Atlantic at midnight. This, I secretly think, is my deepest fear.

Not that I’m unafraid of everything else. I would, for example, register the strongest possible protest at having a cageful of rats tied to my face. But I don’t obsess over it. You, on the other hand, may; or you may instead torment yourself with thoughts of being struck by lightning, felled by fatal sushi, or flung to the bottom of a ravine in a Peruvian bus plunge. “I knew I shouldn’t have decided to take that bus trip through Peru!” you’ll think in those last awful seconds. But by then it will be too late, won’t it?

The notion that each of us has a deepest fear is either a profound psychological truth or else a baseless romantic conceit. My “fear of having to swim for my life” may indeed “say something” about the uniqueness of my personality, but it may simply be the result of prolonged childhood trauma (such as being forced to jump into the freezing outdoor swimming pool at Camp Airy every June from the ages of eight through fourteen).

Indeed, any fear that one can chat about so amiably might not be anyone’s deepest anything. I may actually be most afraid of falling into a grand piano and being sliced into a neatly-stacked, flapping deck of “rounds” like a hard-boiled egg, and yet I don’t know it! Go figure.

Nevertheless, my imagined terror of dying at sea does occupy my thoughts: It directs my attention as the flight attendant demonstrates the proper method for donning the life vest under my seat, and it prompts me to issue little endurance challenges to myself when, like Joseph Conrad and Herman Melville, I gaze seaward and have nothing worthwhile to think about. I’ll fix on a ship, or a boat, or a rock, and I’ll ask myself, “If life itself depended on reaching that point, could you swim there?” Usually the answer is, “I’d rather walk.”

BEN PERLIN

And yet! Such just-for-fun morbidity hasn't prevented me from pursuing what has become my favorite water-based pastime: snorkeling. Whereas I would normally balk at the invitation to leap off a small boat in the middle of the bounding main, this is different. Fit a mask (painfully) over my Cro-Magnon brow, place a mouthpiece between my teeth and two floppy-goofy flippers on my feet, and I'm your man.

What exhausts me about swimming—the effort, the breathing—is eliminated in snorkeling. The fins turn your normally puny, piddling leg kicks into Aqua-man's mighty thrusts. You breathe, yes, but without all that troublesome head-turning and that desperate inhaling and exhaling. You feel as though you're flying, albeit slowly, over the landscape below. You watch the pretty fishes. And, apart from the Darth Vader hiss of your own respiration, you hear almost nothing. It's like visiting another planet.

Snorkeling, once it frees me from my deepest fear, allows me to goad and tickle my shallowest fear: I swim around looking to be mildly titillated by the eerie and the odd. They're down there, I assure you. Just recently, for example, I was creeped out by a line of 12 squid, evenly spaced and hovering like a fleet of triangular glass space ships poised to attack. I once stared at, and then fled from, a huge bloated fish face staring out from within a rocky recess, big and square and white and thick-lipped. And then there was the time...

But first, some horrifying background. It turns out that in the Amazon there dwells a miniscule catfish called the candiru—"the toothpick fish"—whose task, as assigned by wiseguy Nature, is to pursue a parasitic existence in the gills or intestinal/urinary chambers of larger fish. Sound like someone you know? Wait, there's more. If a candiru not thus situated happens upon a man who, for whatever innocent reason, happens to be pissing into the river while he is swimming, the little fishlet will be attracted by the uric acid, mistake the man for a big fish, and merrily swim up the stream of urine and into the

man's penis. Once inside, it will set up shop in the urethra, extend a set of backward-bent spines, and dig in for the duration.

We have Redmond O'Hanlon to blame for this information, and this writer elaborates: "Nothing can be done. The pain, apparently, is spectacular. You must get to a hospital before your bladder bursts; you must ask a surgeon to cut off your penis."

Is there a man reading this who will be able to forget it? Just goes to prove my point, which is that water, even when it isn't drowning you, can harbor dangers I do not hesitate to call grossly unfair.

Small wonder, then, that the first time I snorkeled off Anguilla, I reacted as I did when—well, if you must know, when I had begun to swim back to the beach and noticed a tiny golden fish, about the size of a quarter, flitting along with me. How cute! I just kept going, assuming that the wee little fellow would realize his mistake (blundering into the personal space of me, a big thrashing human) and be frightened off. *Au*, or in this case, *eau, contraire*. The son of a bitch swam right up to my face mask and remained there. Regardless of how I splashed and heaved it stayed, lingering, mocking, taunting.

Naturally I did what anyone would do: I thought, *What if this fish somehow finds a way to swim into my penis?* Of course "that's hardly likely," but it's equally unlikely, not to mention outrageous and unacceptable, for *any* fish *anywhere* to swim into *anybody's* penis. And yet they do! And don't tell me that this isn't the Amazon, or that I'm not urinating. I'm tired of hearing that. What if the fish doesn't know that?

So I swam like hell. The fish—a dancing, bright yellow flake of brilliance—kept pace. I was like a man running for his life from Tinkerbell. Finally I succeeded in getting away from the brute. At no time, note, did I utter a cry for help. For one thing, I was quite capable of lashing out in blind panic and helping myself. And besides, I had the snorkel in my mouth.

—Ellis Weiner

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The Sourcer's Apprentice

TALK ABOUT FAMILY VALUES: In Bangladesh, every day is "Take-Your-Daughter-To-Work-Day." Same with India, Honduras, Nigeria, Guatemala, Portugal, Philippines, Pakistan, and scores of other source countries that serve as super-cheap labor supplies for many of our favorite American imports.

Mind you, it's not always a fancy office they go to. That would be such a waste, a Honduran factory owner explains, since "the peak of a person's hand-eye coordination is at the age of 16!" So while some of us display our youthful dexterity in the video arcade, it's off to the cotton ginneries and weaving sheds and fireworks fac-

tories for the rest of the little boys and girls. Most Americans don't experience the fulfillment of earning their own way through life until their early 20s, but as many as 200 million children throughout the world know the joys of turning pro in their formative years, according to a recent U.S. Labor Department study.

And this is one terrific growth industry. It is estimated to double to 400 million li'l workers by the year 2000. The tykes help produce billions of dollars' worth of products which are imported into the United States, marked up by shippers, wholesalers, and retailers, and then sold to unsuspecting folks like you and me. It's sort of like those Sally Struthers television appeals to "adopt" a third-world kid, only in reverse: We Americans *save* money and, in return, a foreign kid works harder, eats less, sleeps less, and lives half as long.

That oriental rug in your foyer—maybe Satosh worked on it in India. As reported by the highly credible International Labor Rights Education and Research Fund, five-year-old Satosh was playing one night with his friends in his village when some men—the infamous "carpet agents"—came along in a jeep and offered them candy and a free movie.

Didn't his parents tell him not to take candy from strangers? *Oops*. Satosh took the candy, and the men took him to Allahabad, where, after a few unfathomable days, he was promised that the beatings would stop and the gruel and water would start up again if he'd agree to be a carpet "apprentice" for 19 hours a day.

No health-care hassles with this employer: When Satosh cut himself with a weaving knife, his rug mentor beat him a little to remind him that cuts are bad; then he poured sulfur into his wound and set it afire to cauterize it. Satosh's service lasted for nine years, until he was finally spirited away by the South Asia Coalition on Child Servitude. His rug tormentor, a local school principal, was arrested and released the same day.

Then again, maybe Satosh never touched your rugs or mine. Maybe they came from Punjab, Pakistan, where 80 percent of the weavers are 15 years old or younger. Or from Egypt. Carpet-factory owners often say they are fond of children workers because they have "nimble fingers."

What's a child-labor factory like? Sort of like Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory, except instead of rivers of chocolate there are cauldrons of acid emitting pretty blue and green vapors



into the room (Brassware factory—Moradabad, India). There are no magic glass elevators, but in some factories inspectors have reported finding shards of glass scattered on the floor where barefoot children take molten glass from one station to another. The work room is a balmy 120 degrees, the shifts are 12 hours long, and the cuts and burns are frequent. Candy, anyone?

Everlasting Gobstoppers are not served in Lesotho, Africa's, garment factories, but stale bread and plain tea are. After a long day, the factory floor conveniently doubles as a bed for the young workers. And although talking is generously allowed at nights, any talking during work hours costs the workers some of their pay.

Instead of answering merry riddles of the cheerful Oompah Loompas, Thai children have a more meticulous challenge: they peel and sort fish and shrimp so quickly that sometimes, if they're not real careful, their nimble fingers get caught up in the mix. The United States imports nearly \$1 billion each year from these darling little seafood champs.

Not to be left out of the fad, Congress reports a dramatic 250 percent increase of child-labor-law violations in our own country from 1983 to 1990. And those are just the ones they catch. With U.S. Fish & Game inspectors outnumbering Child Labor inspectors by a factor of 30 to 1, who knows how many thousands of infractions are being missed each year. A glance at last year's New York violators, for instance, reads like a strip mall Who's Who: you've got your TCBY, your McDonalds, your Little Ceasars, your Burger King, your Taco Bell, and on and on.

In fact, only New York, California, and a few other states approach the problem with anything resembling seriousness. Hellish New York City garment sweatshops, employing an estimated five to ten thousand children, are constantly nailed for child- and immigrant-labor exploitation, but these subcontractors are rarely linked publicly to the reputable name-brand clothes companies they're actually working for.

So let's hear it for market forces. As we contemplate Newt's new American order of radical devolution and deregulation, we have the luxury of skimming the Labor Department study, "By the Sweat & Toil of Children," and considering it a sneak peek at our own laissez faire future: seven-year-olds gluing shoe parts (Sao Paulo, Brazil); toys made for kids by kids, sometimes in 24-hour shifts (China); gold and diamonds mined by three-year-olds (Côte D'Ivoire).

For now, though, U.S. companies must still go abroad for the really cheap labor and nimblest of fingers. Import industries rife with child labor amount to well more than \$16 billion. Is it safe to say that more than a few American companies know, or *should* know, that they're bringing in tainted goods?

"Oh yes, they are aware of it," says Yogesh Varhade, President of the Ambedkar Centre for Justice and Peace Inc., in Toronto, Canada. "They are very aware...But no one wants to touch this hot potato."

No one wants to be written up for corporate child abuse in the *New York Times*, either, but last year Lesly Rodriguez, an abnormally brave 15-year-old girl from Honduras, tossed the sizzling spud into the lap of the upscale sweater queen Liz Claiborne. Ouch. Turns out Liz had been subcontracting the child-labor infested Galaxy Industries sweatshop for at least two years to produce sweaters.

In hearings before Congress, Lesly and the National Labor Committee threw out a couple of not-so-upscale figures: 38 cents an hour, 80 hours a week. She also mentioned that she didn't enjoy working in choking dust all day, and that she wasn't wild about the managers yelling "faster, faster" and occasionally grabbing her breasts. And on top of it all, no candy: before entering the factory, she and all the other girls were searched to make sure no sweaters would be smudged by dirty hands.

Liz Claiborne has fixed all of that now, of course. They swear they won't abuse 15-year-olds like Lesly ever again. But then, why would they? She hasn't even hit her peak! —David Shenk

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reportage

YOUR BOOK is dominating the best-seller lists. Your two-CD box set has gone platinum in Europe. The world's top newsweekly has made you its cover boy. What's an international superstar to do next? Go on tour, of course. Which is just what Pope John Paul II did. With the flair of a publishing giant and the fanfare of a rock star, *Time* magazine's Man of the Year hit the road with "The Pope: Asia Tour '95"—complete with groupies, the Vatican press corps, and a pop-culture icon second only to Batman's GT0: the Popemobile.

The hoot about the pope (other than the fact that he's represented by hotshot New York agent Mort Janklow) is that he's covered by a press pack much in the same way that President Clinton is covered by the White House crew. The only difference is they address him as the Holy Father, not Mr. Pontiff, and they don't shout questions as he steps off a helicopter.

The souvenir T-shirts might as well have had a listing on the back with venues and concert dates, tracing His Holiness's junket earlier this year to the Philippines, Papua New Guinea, Australia, and Sri Lanka. The first stop in Manila for the biennial World Youth Festival was Popestock. Kids from around the world



Mass Ap



peal

gave John Paul II his largest audience ever when they camped out in a downtown park wearing goofy pope hats, getting high on faith, and hanging with the Great Pontificator.

For the pope, who has found a youth culture largely opposed to his anti-condom and anti-abortion policies, the pray-in that drew 4 million people to one Sunday Mass was the culmination of a mass-marketing media blitz of his views. And it all could turn out to be just a preview of the real climax: a papal visit to the United States later this year, beginning with a scheduled stop in Newark, New Jersey on October 4.

A 2,000-year-old church and the modern media seem to make unholy bedfellows, but their odd marriage has flourished under John Paul II. And while his spokesperson assures us that the

The first stop along the Pontiff's "Asia Tour '95" was Popestock. Kids from around the world gave John Paul II his largest audience ever.

A 2,000-year-old church and the modern media seem to make unholy bedfellows, but their odd marriage has flourished under John Paul II. While the pope has



no plans to appear on MTV, he is keeping his message fresh among the young.

pope has no plans to actually appear on MTV, he is keeping his message fresh among the young—thanks to a willing press which he knows how to use and of whose power over youngsters he is acutely aware.

In *Crossing the Threshold of Hope* (the book for which Alfred A. Knopf reportedly paid him a \$9 million advance last year), the pope writes that the "struggle for the soul of the contemporary world" is in "the worlds of science, culture, and media; these are the worlds of writers and artists, the worlds where the intellectual elite are formed."

The pope's satellite link to each of these worlds is his spokesman, Dr. Joaquin Navarro-Valls—a trim and tanned Spanish psychologist. It was Navarro who signed the book deals for the pontiff and who, along with New York's John Cardinal O'Connor, helped promote it by holding numerous press conferences to pitch the Holy Father's worldwide release in 21 languages in 35 countries. It is also Navarro who handles the faithful yet pesky Vatican press corps.

As the pope said Mass in a small Manila chapel for a group of 200 young delegates to the youth conference, the plastic chairs in the back row suddenly scattered. "Navarro," said *Time's* Rome reporter, Greg Burke, as he jumped up. "Briefing." The intimate Mass continued; meanwhile, in a room within earshot, Italian reporter Remozo Giacomelli offered Navarro a cigarette and gave the blue-suited spokesman a light.

The room filled with smoke as the 11 reporters (a fraction of the 50 Vatican press-corps members on the Asia tour) huddled around Navarro, who answered questions in Italian, Spanish, and English. He gave details of the pope's meeting earlier in the day with Philippine president Fidel V. Ramos, a Protestant whom the pope (unsuccessfully) strong-armed to drop the nation's family-planning program. Navarro even put spin control on events in Sri Lanka—a stop on the tour which, short of a personal apology from the pope, was considered "an act of aggression." (Buddhist priests demanded a retraction of the book's critical seven-page chapter on their religion.)

Fidgeting with his silver Rolex, Navarro told how a Buddhist temple was burned in Sri Lanka, followed by the torching of a Catholic church there. However, he said, "It is nothing in relation with the trip of the Holy Father."

The Vatican's close links to the press even begat the best-selling book, which the pope



wrote as a response to 35 questions submitted by an Italian journalist, Vittorio Messori. Messori didn't get a one-on-one interview out of it, but over time John Paul II answered his questions in longhand, leading to the volume that would garner the pope a sum higher than the multimillion-dollar advances paid to the likes of Marlon Brando and Ronald Reagan.

Messori explains in the book's preface that the list of questions was originally intended to be answered by John Paul in history's first-ever live, televised papal interview by a journalist whose questions were entirely of his own making. Although the pope's scheduling problems derailed the interview for Italian Radio and Television, "The fact that he had taken a journalist so seriously," Messori sycophantically writes, "is yet more proof—if there were ever a need—of his humility, of his generous ability to hear our voices," and, he adds, of his desire "to shout from the rooftops (today crowded with



television antennae) that there is hope."

Members of the Vatican press corps, dripping with no small measure of envy, described the blessed Messori as somewhat of an outsider in their ranks, one who did not make the trip with the pontiff through Asia and Oceania.

The junket, incidentally, cost news organizations a cool \$6,000 for each correspondent—and that was just the round-trip airfare from Rome, flying in the back of Popeforce One. Just as a different Popemobile is provided in each country he visits, John Paul had a different chartered plane take him on each leg of his trip. Although the pope and his people deftly handle the media as tools of mass proselytizing, the Holy Father attacks much of the media's work as "anti-evangelization." He is saddened, he told the multitude camped out in Manila for an overnight vigil, that the popular media tempt today's young with sex, drugs, and alcohol.

"They advocate an approach to life that has led millions of young people into loneliness," the pope said before linking hands for a sort of We-Are-the-World sing-along. The crowd responded by doing The Wave (actually a "Wave of Love for the

The veritable pope-pourri sold at his gatherings include posters, fanny packs, "Pope Scopes," and Pope-On-A-Rope—soap shaped like John Paul II himself.

Holy Father") and by chanting "John Paul Two, we love you."

Think about it. All those advertising agencies struggling to capture the so-called Generation X market should take a lesson from John Paul II. Perhaps they should witness the Beatlemania that met him when he stepped off his Alitalia jet in Manila. Girls fainted, cried tears of joy, and whacked the Vatican press-corps photographers with ceremonial branches of purple flowers as they surged toward the pontiff on the tarmac.

The roadsides were also packed as the pope cruised into town aboard the Popemobile, which had been blessed before his arrival by Manila archbishop Jaime Cardinal Sin, and was broadcast live by local TV new crews (whose new microwave trucks had been similarly sanctified the day before). All along the route, and at all the World Youth Day events, the official T-shirts, buttons, key chains, pope busts, refrigerator magnets, hand fans, and cardboard pointy pope hats were hawked, most of which were licensed by the church in the Philippines.

The commercialism, however, paled in comparison to the loot sold when the youth gathering was held in Denver in 1993. It was a veritable pope-pourri, complete with posters, fanny packs, "Pope Scopes" that allowed shorter fans to see over the heads of the crowd, and, best of all, Pope-On-A-Rope (soap shaped like J.P. II himself). Although the merchandise is not directly licensed by the Vatican, the income from sales offsets the costs of the events and eventually benefits Rome in the form of annual alms paid by far-flung dioceses to the mother church.

Of course, good taste must always prevail, and a product is only sanctioned if it is in accordance with the needs of the Catholic church, Navarro explained. But some products—like the CDs of the pope saying the Rosary in Latin to a soundtrack of Handel and Bach—don't need Vatican approval. The pope's public speeches, according to Navarro, are treated like Grateful Dead concerts: They're not copyrighted and are eagerly bootlegged.

"Anything the Holy Father does is meant to be widespread," he said. Record companies that turn a profit are "expected" to voluntarily donate a 10 percent royalty.

Getting out the message on T-shirts and CDs is nice, but let's not forget the bottom line here. With all the mass-media marketing, fiscal awareness, and a push from a strong lira, it's no wonder that in the past three years the 109-acre city-state has reduced its \$87 million deficit to around zero.

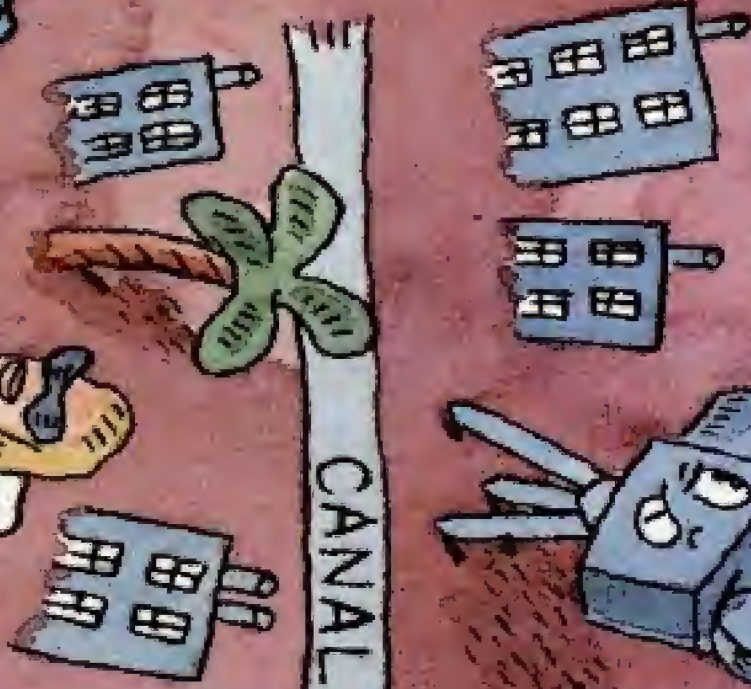
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QUEENS

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The Who What Why



Capo di tutti c

Who are the real power brokers in Hollywood and how much do they *really* control? MARK EBNER peeks over the lavender walls of Tinseltown.



Boys will be boys. Even when they're in their fifties. Sandy Gallin, Calvin Klein, David Geffen, Barry Diller, and unidentified friends.

Back in 1992, *SPY* identified movie moguls Barry Diller, David Geffen, and Sandy Gallin as members of "Hollywood's powerful gay tong." As we move deeper into the Gay Nineties, that same triumvirate is still at the top—but the list of players includes many more. So it's time to take a closer look: How and when do they wield their power?; who has it?; how is it shared?; for whom is it denied? Because sexuality is a large part of their professional relationships, it is also a vital means by which these men feel connected to each other. Being homosexual doesn't give them their power; they merely share it with other gay men who appease them, while shutting out those who don't. It is a currency of lust, greed, youth, money, and fame. In other words, it's just another Hollywood tale.

D

espite numerous denials, the Gay Mafia *does* exist, in hierarchical factions. "Like the Jews who came to Hollywood in the Twenties and Thirties," writes Doug Sadownick in *L.A. Weekly*, "guys

have found the industry an extraordinary contradiction: an opportunity to reap extravagant rewards, while, at the same time, being forced to deny their cultural identities."

How does one go about reaping rewards while denying who they are? By forming a powerful clique—an assemblage of like-minded industry people amongst whom they can feel "themselves" and with whom they can share their strongest desires: power and sex. A top talent manager says of the clan: "Do they protect and screw each other? The [Gay] Mafia? Completely."

In the upper echelons of this "family," there exist men like David Geffen, who can end a career with a phone call. His estimated personal worth, now near \$1 billion, could go even higher if his Spielberg/Katzenberg "Dreamworking" partnership succeeds as anything other than a publicity machine. But two stories illustrate how he already has all the power he needs. The first involves ex-entertainment lawyer Eric Eisner (no relation to Disney's Michael), who resigned his presidency of The David Geffen Company in 1991.

"What happened was, he left Geffen, and it was not on the greatest of terms," the talent manager says. "When a deal was about to be made with Geffen and the Japanese, David said to Eric, 'Keep your stock.' Eric sold it. From then on, David's loath for the man was like, 'How dare you not even *listen* to what I'm saying?'"

Eisner has since been notably absent from the playing field, having seen his CEO days diminish to, at best, occasionally producing third-rate films (such as *The War*) for Island World, Inc. "He had a fully financed deal to go to Sony—Peter Guber—and they were ready to sign the papers," the talent manager says, "but that day Peter said he couldn't do it because of a phone call and pressure [from Geffen]."

Had Eisner been Geffen's lover, however, things might have turned out differently. Consider the case of Bob Brassle (or, as it turned out, *Mr. David Geffen*), who managed to work his way into a top spot at Warner Bros. "Geffen got Brassle a vice presidency job at Warner Bros.," a film executive says. "Those two got married at an est outing, and wore

wedding bands and everything. Then David wanted to hire Bob at Geffen [Inc.], but his executives all said, 'No way.'"

Of course, Geffen has had plenty of boyfriends, and not all of them have made it big. "I knew I was in the big league when I slept with [Geffen]," says an actor with 20 pictures to his credit. "But I also knew it wouldn't lead to anything.... He probably wouldn't remember me because he's slept with so many people. I could tell he dated a lot of other guys; he had matchbooks with guys' phone numbers on them, and when he got home, he listened to messages filled with guys."

The actor's experience illustrates another way in which the Gay Mafia can work. On the one hand, he describes how Geffen "played with me"; on the other, he says there's also a feeling of connectedness that comes with being Geffen's lover. And that feeling can be just as important as the expression of power. "He's not exactly my type," the actor says. "But to be with someone so powerful was exciting to me."

The Velvet Underground

"This Velvet Mafia thing is just another homophobic, nasty kind of thing that jealous queens make up."—David Geffen, in *OUT* magazine.

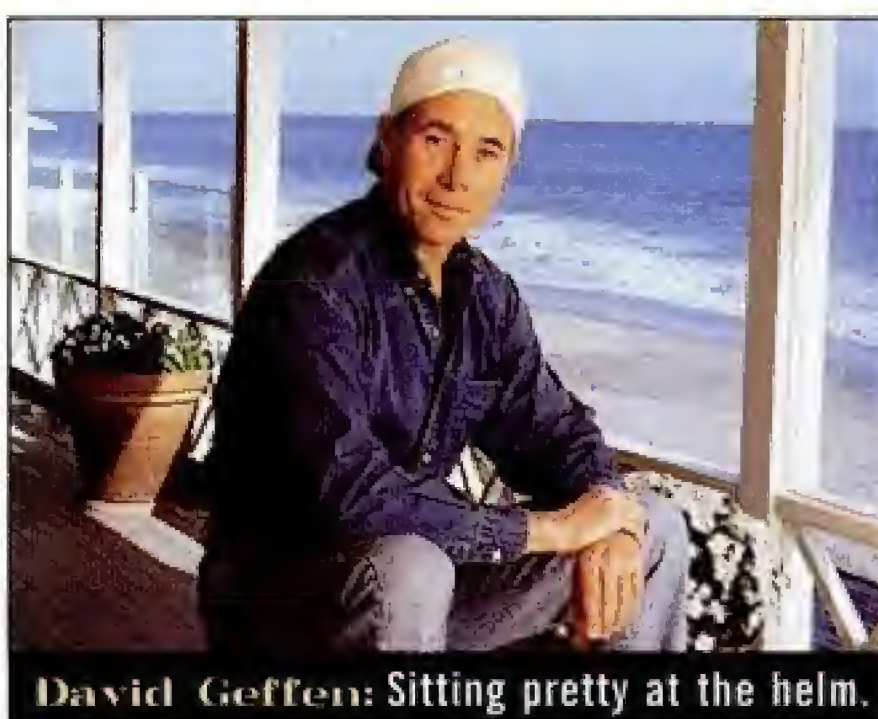
At 51, Geffen denies ever trying to hide his sexuality. Yet back in 1990, while fending off attacks over his support of Andrew Dice Clay

and Guns N' Roses, a still-closeted Geffen told the *Los Angeles Times* that homophobia was a "bogus issue." The following year, in an interview in *Vanity Fair*, he claimed he was bisexual, saying that he went from being "in love with Cher to being in love with Marlo Thomas to being in love with a guy from Studio 54." Now he says he was taken aback by public reaction when he announced he was gay at an AIDS benefit not long ago.

It wasn't as though the industry didn't know he was gay, just that, as one of his ex-executives puts it, "nobody ever talked about it until he was out of the closet himself. The Velvet Mafia was never referred to openly."

Perhaps one not-so-jealous queen is Geffen's longtime friend, Sandy Gallin. At 54, Gallin looks like a piece of wax-work trying to plastically preserve himself forever at the age of 30—actually the number of years he's been an agent, manager, and film and TV producer. His propensity for cosmetic surgery rivals Michael Jackson's, whom he's represented, along with plastic rivals Dolly Parton and Joan Rivers.

The Hollywood perception is that Gallin wanted to be a star himself, but settled into his behind-the-scenes role with rare aplomb. "Sandy is so up David [Geffen]'s butt," remarks the talent manager. "And he's gotten ahead because of



David Geffen: Sitting pretty at the helm.

it. How else would a manager get the studio deals he's got? Sandy had deals at Disney, Fox, and Columbia, and all David has to do is pick up the phone [for Gallin], and it's done."

In the all-important game of strategizing, Gallin has earned his seat on the board of the bankrolled, feeding off men like Geffen while gathering power of his own. Yet in his own relationship matters, he reveals the dark side: Scott Bankston, one of Gallin's more serious lovers, was (and still is)—*surprise*—a Gallin employee. Bankston broke up with Gallin for—*surprise again*—an agent, Bryan Lourd at Creative Artists Agency (CAA). In retaliation, Gallin took it upon himself to "out" Lourd all over town.

But nobody has to do that to Geffen. He seems to feel that it's okay to be gay, just as long as people don't think he's *too* gay. Which is exactly what a portrait artist was told after completing a painting of Geffen recently: Geffen wanted to sue because the portrait made him look too homosexual. And with gay director Neil [*The Crying Game*] Jordan, producer Geffen made sure to remove the homoerotic undertones of *Interview With a Vampire*—much to the dismay of critic Rex Reed, who observed, "These androgynous vampires are so unhappy that, when they come out of their coffins, you wish they'd come out of their closets instead."

Perhaps they *would* have, if someone other than Tom Cruise had been cast in the leading role. Rumor has it that Cruise insisted all homoerotic strains be removed from the movie, and refused to do any vampire kisses above the shoulder. When *Premiere* confronted him, he got very uptight, just as he did when questioned about his sexuality (questions he squirmed around) during an interview in *Vanity Fair* last fall. And recently, Cruise forced *McCall's* to print an apology after it quoted a movie critic who said that CAA initiated his marriage to Nicole Kidman to "squench the gay stuff." Considering the almighty star power involved, the magazine wisely yielded, and explained in a subsequent issue that it "knows no evidence" that Cruise is homosexual.

This need to maintain America's wholesome image of them is something that connects Hollywood gays at all levels—whether one is a struggling (or a mega-star) actor, writer, agent, or producer. And it's another example of how the Gay Mafia wields power: by controlling public perceptions of themselves. What actor-icons like Cruise may not be able to control, however, executive-icons like Barry Diller may.

Diller-Dallying

"I don't even know what {the Gay Mafia} means, so I don't know how to respond to stuff like that. It's all silly talk."—Barry Diller, in *OUT*.

Despite being the most talked about gay-press-outed man in Hollywood, Diller hasn't "given permission" for the press to say he's gay. "I don't think he's even told his moth-



Gallin (middle): Lavender vested interests.



Leading the way: Geffen (seated) and Diller.



Welcome to the club: Wenner and Geffen.

British paper 'outs' Wenner

A British newspaper has printed a story about Rolling Stone publisher Jann Wenner that the American media had declined to make public for six weeks.

The Mail on Sunday, which boasts a circulation of over 2 million copies in the United Kingdom, reported this week that Wenner left his wife of 26 years for a man.

PAGE SIX broke the news on Jan. 10 that Wenner had separated from wife Jane and their three young sons. We did not delve into the reasons behind the break-up.

Since then, New York magazine, Time and Manhattan File have all prepared articles on the Wenner split, which were ultimately spiked. There were widespread reports that Wenner and such powerful friends as Barry Diller and David Geffen had used their considerable influence to suppress the story.

Regardless of Wenner's connections, there is

er," says a screenwriter who's known him for years. "His mother said to my mother, 'You know, I have a single son.' I think that's why he hasn't come out of the closet, because his own mother doesn't even know."

But plenty of other people *do*.

"Barry used to always cruise UCLA dorms," says the talent manager. "He was always seen cruising around with a car full of boys when he was at Fox." The film executive agrees: "I've seen him with incredible-looking guys on the Venice Boardwalk, Rollerblading in Speedos."

The screenwriter adds: "He went out with a waiter. He was given a birthday party and [the waiter] popped out of the cake at Barry's house."



B

ar none, Diller is the smartest don in the Mob. The QVC godfather has made gods out of those who were loyal—Michael Eisner, Jeff Katzenberg, Peter Chernin, Sherry Lansing, and Dawn

Steel, to name a few. So, one may ask, why bother showing up at every function with a different woman on your arm? Indeed, who really cares *who* Diller is sleeping with?

Maybe the public does; maybe his "image," whatever that is, would suffer. Then again, maybe the only one who cares is Diller himself. Controlling the public's perception of him is, after all, a cornerstone of his power. Which is exactly what a man like Diller will be remembered for—his power. Says the film executive: "Barry Diller is more *mean* than gay. The worst stories you hear [are] about him being nasty and horrible...he's made grown men cry, and he's enjoyed it. And he would fuck with people and play with their minds for the sheer pleasure of taking them apart."

So, if "hiding" behind the likes of Diane Von Furstenburg seems strange for a man with the ability to make networks tremble at his feet, it begins to make sense when thought of in terms of power and control. As a Hollywood gay activist says, "[Diller] has what he wants in his mind already. You want him to have what I have—his freedom. He doesn't want it. He wants it the way it is."

Circle of Fire

For every capo there's a foot soldier, and Hollywood producer Howard [*Shining Through*; *Father of the Bride*]

Rosenman wears his stripes boldly. According to the talent manager, Rosenman "was banned in this town years ago...because he made the mistake of saying in a *New York Times* article that you don't ever want to incur David [Geffen's] wrath." Luckily for Rosenman, one of the most important skills for a producer is the ability to bring people together, and he's got that down pretty pat.

"Howard got back in everyone's grace—Barry Diller, Sandy, and everybody," the talent manager says. "There's this thing called the 'Circle of Fire' that's been around for a long time. Howard used to coordinate it. [Circle of Fire] has all the stars involved in it, from Stan Kamen [the deceased head of the Motion Picture Department at the William Morris Agency] to producer Keith [*The Fugitive*] Barish...."

"You have to have money. It's this group of young, really good-looking guys that travel around everywhere, from coast to coast, and cater to the big orgy parties. They fly these guys out en masse, and they just party, party, party. Like at Stan Kamen's house out in Point Dume...that was so far out that no one would hear the screams."

Rosenman also manages to create a perception of Hollywood—just as Geffen and Diller create of themselves—that conveniently suits his purposes. While defending Martin Short's stereotyped portrayal of a gay man in *Father of the Bride*, Rosenman said, "Look, there is no homophobia in the industry....It's a very liberal industry [and] people are much more tolerant than anywhere else." Then suddenly he backflips: "This is a very conservative industry. It's sort of like Wall Street. Not just about [being] gay, but about everything. So people are less likely to have flamboyant people of any kind around."

What he means is, Hollywood is a liberal industry for those who prove they can make money. The fact is, no one in the industry really cares who you sleep with—unless it affects the box office. "You have to establish yourself first," Rosenman says. "If you set a good impression, then you can let people know you're gay."

In a way, Rosenman's right: These guys *are* conservative—as conservative as the money they make.

Protective Agencies

Agents wield enormous power in Hollywood, but at CAA, for example, where groupthink is that gay male agents = AIDS = loss of clients, being gay is about as comfortable as it is in the military. That mentality is confirmed by both industry consensus and a direct report from a film executive that "every time a big talent agent [position] becomes available, they only want straight white males." In fact, you'd be hard-pressed to find *any* single male agents behind their walls. "They make them get married before they get promoted," the exec adds.

On another front, at International Creative Management (ICM), we find Ed Limato—an agent described as “very powerful, very gay.” He had the best client list in town, and CAA didn’t take him (naturally), so ICM was the next logical leap from William Morris. With clients such as Richard Gere, Michelle Pfeiffer, Denzel Washington, and Mel Gibson, Limato rakes in millions in commissions for ICM.

But things get messy.

Case in point: George Freeman, another agent and current lover of *Melrose Place*/90210 creator (and ICM client) Darren Starr, has been described as “a big comer in the industry; one of the hottest young agents on the rise.” He is also, for the moment, a Limato underling—despite a client list that has included Dana Delany, Christina Applegate, and Peter Coyote.

“Ed used to push his ‘hip-pocket’ [lesser-known] clients onto George,” a former ICM employee says. “George would have to force people to see them, because Ed would be on his ass about it if he didn’t.... It’s not like anybody was interested in [those clients].”

In one particular case, a certain second-rate talent was forced on a producer in exchange for access to a major star. The producer’s associate explains: “[Limato] told the producer, ‘Take this guy and then you’ll get the big fish later. I’ll get you the big fish’.... I don’t know if the client was a boyfriend or not, but it seemed like it, because I don’t know why else he was pushing this guy who wasn’t so great.”

Gay Mafia— Or Just a Pink Curtain?

Elsewhere in the sweet suites at ICM is top “suit,” agent Steve Dontanville, whom Jane Campion has credited with getting Holly Hunter the leading role in *The Piano*. Dontanville has got more than one suit in his closet, the least comfortable being a sexual harassment one (which was eventually settled out of court) brought on by a male ex-assistant. It was given brief mention in the trade papers, but it seems that the Lavender Mob has been keeping a protective lid on it.

An overview indicates that William Morris has always been accepting of gays up until (and beyond) the death of top agent Stan Kamen, who succumbed to AIDS a few years back. Kamen represented many of their heavy hitters, and the Morris client list was severely shaken by his death.

A former employee of Kamen’s discusses his power: “He was the original gay



Suck-ups: Diller and Ovitz.



Terry McDonnell: His phone call killed *Newsweek*’s piece on Wenner.



Keith Barish: ‘Circle of Fire’ boy.



power broker. He was head of the Motion Picture Department and had every Ovitz client—Barbara Streisand, Steven Spielberg, Robert Redford, Goldie Hawn. He had it all, and the [straight] guys who came off his desk idolized him, and wouldn't mention [his sexuality], or even fuck around about it. It just was not spoken about—ever. It's fear, and a reverence built out of fear. ...It's not based on intellect, but based on what will happen to you."

What will happen to you is you will get fired, or worse, blacklisted.

Consider the case of agent Scott Zimmerman, who married (and had children with) producer Freddie Fields's daughter, P.K. Not long afterward, Zimmerman found himself with no choice but to come out of the closet. An ex-Morris agent reports: "He had a [male] assistant/trainee, and they were having an affair. One day, he was caught in his office in 'flagrante' with this [assistant]. At the time his wife was suing him; he was going through a messy divorce."

The story goes that the *assistant* was forced to transfer to another office, while Zimmerman, given his client list, was allowed to stay—in accordance with Mob protection. So what's the point? Just that straight agents, or any mid-level industry powers for that matter, would have—and *have been*—fired, blasted in the trade press, and sued for such indiscretions.

Not these guys. "I'm waiting for more of [them] to get hit with sexual harassment suits," the talent manager says.



Jordan: Crying.

his hotel room, made him watch a porno film, and then asked him how much he'd charge to perform the acts in the film with him. (According to Levy's attorney, Levy did ask Mogilefsky to his hotel room, but only for business purposes.) Since then, Levy left Silver Pictures and its studio, Warner Bros., giving the usual unrelated reasons.

Where is he now? "He can't get a job," says one film executive. "He's calling people I know for jobs. He's finished."

And the list goes on and on. There's J. Michael Bloom, a top talent agent out of New York, once responsible for the brothers Baldwin, about whom the screenwriter comments, "I know his m.o. You do this, you could be a star. You don't do this, I'm not handling you. ...What it comes down to is this: If he's selling talent that's good, nobody cares what he does with them."

Sound like traditional casting-couch stuff? Actors sleeping with agents and managers and producers in exchange for a juicy role, a good part, *any* part? It has all the makings of an old story, only with a slightly updated angle.

Yet it's more than that. If Gallin and Diller want to deny the existence of a Gay Mafia, they can think of it as a Pink Curtain. Behind that curtain is a power so far-reaching it's

LAPD: 'We Don't Wanna Touch Geffen'

Deep in the heart of Southern California resides one David Forest, a male pimp on par with Heidi Fleiss in terms of rich and famous clientele. With undercover help from Paul Barresi, a former actor/porn star, L.A. police busted Forest on charges of running a male prostitution ring—one whose services have been procured by David Geffen himself.

Barresi began work as an actor (appearing with Raquel Welch in *The Wild Party*) and as a personal trainer (he was Geffen's for a short time), but a request to pose nude for *Playgirl* waylaid him into pornography. Now a self-

styled informant/investigator, Barresi assisted private investigator Anthony Pellicano during the Michael Jackson case, and has performed similar duties for both the FBI and the LAPD vice squad (see document, opposite).

Despite Forest's arrest in November 1993, "Brad's Buddies"—the escort service he operates out of his home on Hollywood Boulevard—is still in business. Defense attorney Anthony Brooklier, who also defended Fleiss, has succeeded in delaying the trial for a year and a half.

Forest's computerized client list was

obtained during a police search. Detective Keith Haight, when asked during a preliminary hearing if he had reviewed the contents of that list, said: "I reviewed a lot of it. I don't know; I don't think I have reviewed all of it yet. I have seen most of it."

But after meeting with Detective Haight himself, Barresi told SPY, "According to [Haight], David Geffen's name was at the top of the list."

Would Geffen's name be used as evidence during the trial? "No—absolutely not," Barresi says. "Detective Haight's words [to me] were, quote/unquote: 'We don't wanna touch Geffen.'"

mind-boggling. Does being straight get in the way? Is there a heterosexual glass ceiling? Probably not. While entry into the Gay Mafia equals entry into a very exclusive and powerful enclave, one who does not share their similar sexual appetites and tastes wouldn't necessarily be considered an outsider.

Still, the consensus is: If you're gay and closeted in Hollywood, it might be best to stay that way. Most would agree that it wouldn't be beneficial even for the most powerful individuals, like Diller, to come out of their much-sSpeculated closets. And that attitude is fostered not only at the individual level, but at the institutional level, as well.

Which brings us to Disney. Does anyone doubt the existence of a gay influence here? As an ex-Disney executive reports, five top creative executives, not to mention a host of underlings, are all gay—including Donald Deline (president of production); Tom Schumacher (vice president of feature animation); and Lauren Lloyd (vice president of production).

And yet, while Mike Eisner primps and poses with the Mighty Ducks's mascot at any given photo op, members of LEAGUE (Lesbian and Gay United Employees) are not permitted to be photographed with Disney logos for outside press; nor does Disney grant domestic partnership rights to its employees. The fact is, despite all that gay power concentrated at the top, Disney still has its wholesome imagine to maintain. Says another Disney source, "Disney is the ironic joke of the whole thing. There is a whole level of deception there, and I think they work very hard to maintain that level of deception."

Ultimately, there's also a connection that's perhaps a little frightening to those who don't share it. "It's a closeness that straight males in Hollywood see gay men having, and can't even begin to enter themselves," a film executive explains. "It's the male heterosexual perception that these guys have a club that's tighter than anything [heterosexual] players have." It's a club in which, almost through osmosis, you sleep with someone one night and find yourself with a new office the next.

But don't misunderstand it: If one of them fucks another, they're going to get fucked in return. The way Sandy Gallin retaliated against Bryan Lourd for stealing his boyfriend. The way David Geffen shuts out a former ally while securing a job for his lover. As the screenwriter says, "These people you're writing about have the power to make a call and say 'Don't ever hire him'...Gay pride in the industry? Red ribbons? That's such crap. They only do things because it's a good career move."

The question is, when *won't* it be a good career move? When will the alliances that have been built on sexual orientation *cease* to be meaningful? These men probably have already thought of that. They wouldn't want to abuse their power too much, lest it become worthless. Or too little—then the exclusive club would have many more members, and nobody wants that.

Gay Mafia? What Gay Mafia? ☛



Lips or hips? Diller and Klein.



Plastic explosives: Agent Gallin with client/look-alike Dolly Parton.

U.S. Department of Justice	
Federal Bureau of Investigation	
 <p>In Reply, Please Refer to File No.</p>	<p>11000 Wilshire Boulevard Los Angeles, California 90024</p> <p>July 11, 1988</p>
<p>Mr. Paul Barresi Los Angeles, California</p>	
<p>Dear Mr. Barresi:</p>	
<p>This letter is to acknowledge your assistance to the Los Angeles Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) during a recent investigation it was conducting in southern California. Through your cooperation you greatly assisted the FBI in carrying out successfully its investigative responsibilities. With such assistance, the Bureau successfully fulfilled its investigative responsibilities in an effective manner.</p>	
<p>Your cooperation is greatly appreciated.</p>	
<p>Sincerely yours,</p> <p>LAWRENCE G. LAWLER Special Agent in Charge</p>	
<p>By:  JOSEPH A. CHEPALO Supervisory Special Agent</p>	

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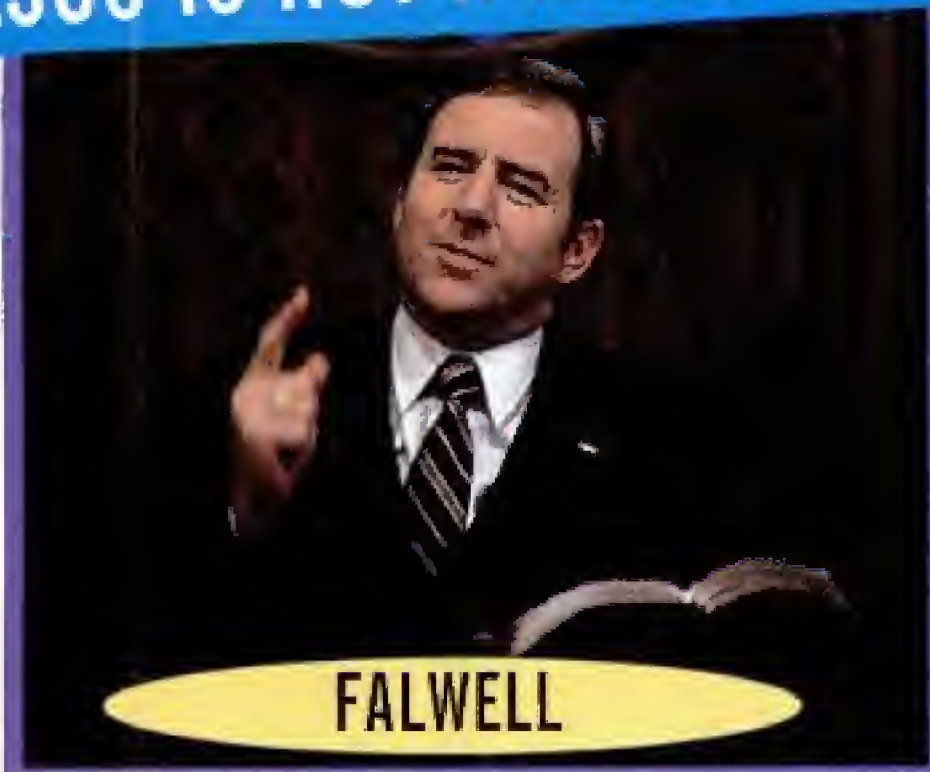
Rep. Sue Kelly

**Bono
Q&A**

**TALKIN' JESUS WITH
RALPH REED &
JERRY FALWELL**

SONNY BONO SEZ:
"I am
the
champ!"

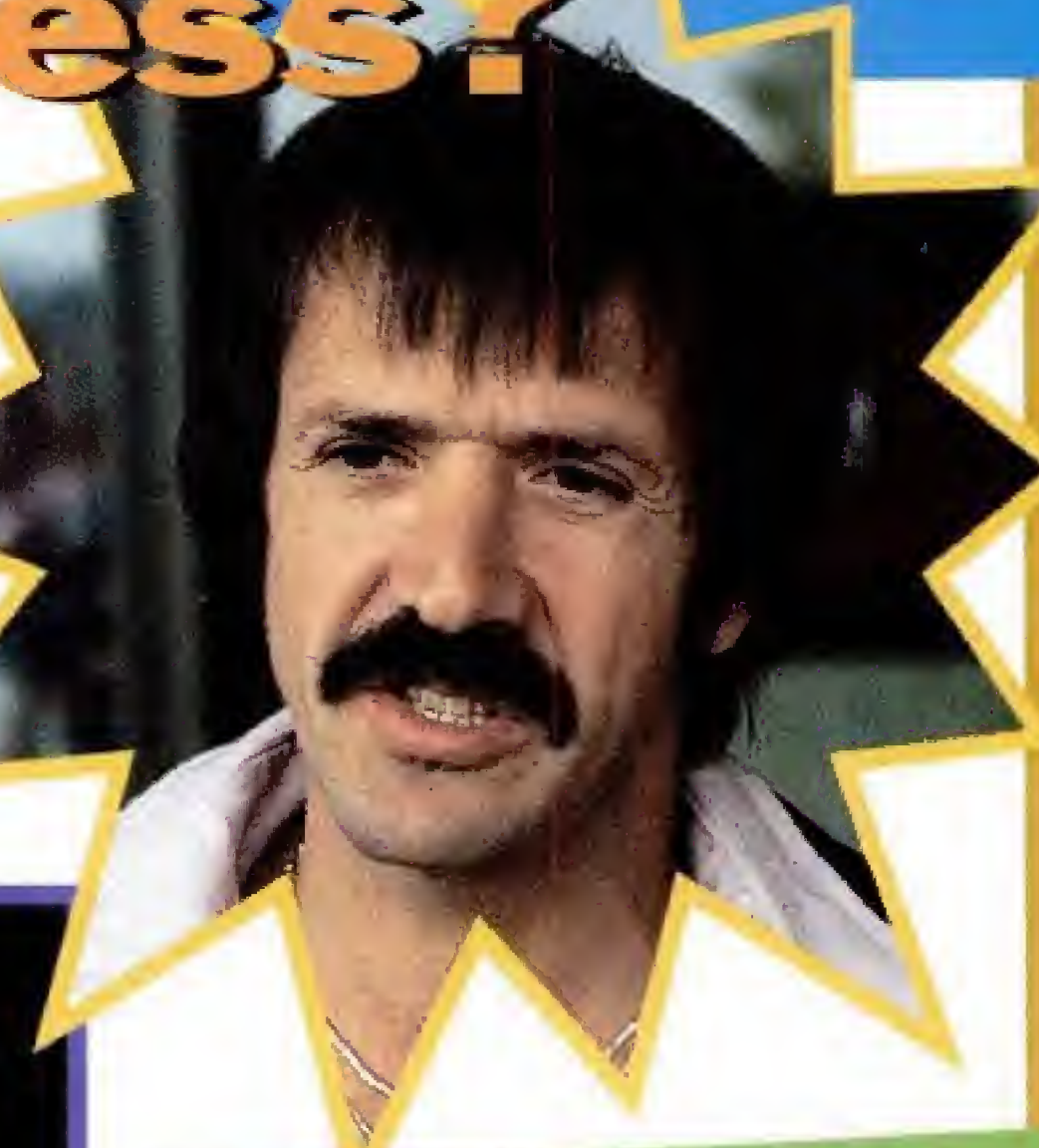
"JESUS IS NOT A HIPPIE!!"



FALWELL



REED



SONNY ON HILLARY:
"SHE WOULDN'T PASS
THE BONO TEST!"

letter from the editor

BRAND-
NU!


Republican Beat
THE G.O.P. MAGAZINE FOR TEENS



DAN QUAYLE SEZ:

"NOTHING PROVES THE
STRENGTH OF THE
REPUBLICAN PARTY

better than its growing appeal among the youth of America. That's why I'm happy *Republican Beat* is on the scene, keeping readers up to date on the accomplishments of our party's leaders and the success of our principles. I have this advice to the young Republicans of today: Stay involved. Help on campaigns, study the issues, and try to make a difference. You can do anything if you set your mind to it. So help us change America for the better!"

Dear Representative Bono:

As a newly elected member of congress, no doubt you are wondering how our party can keep the spectacular momentum of the '94 elections going strong. We at *Republican Beat* magazine ("The GOP Magazine for Teens") are committed to doing our part to ensure that the Republican party is the dominant political force in America for many years to come. Our magazine is devoted to promoting a positive image of Republican values and politics to one of the most vital components of the public sector: our nation's youth.

And we need your help. For our special inaugural issue, we are conducting brief interviews with conservative leaders in the fields of politics, business and entertainment. Now, more than ever, young Americans need wholesome and respectable role models. Furthermore, with national distribution and a major publicity campaign underway, we can help you speak to both our target audience (boys and girls aged 12-16) and their voting-aged parents.

You may be wondering how a magazine devoted to conservative ideals can appeal to a demographic group that often seems like it is in a perpetual state of rebellion.

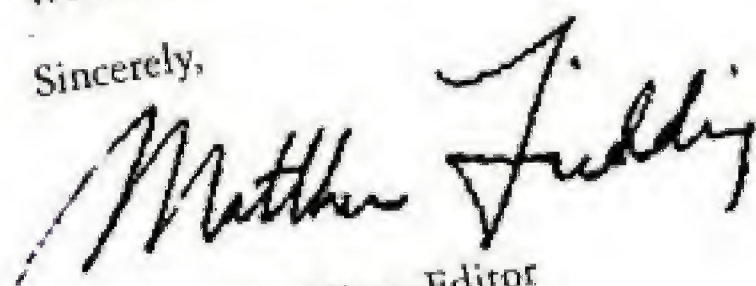
For one thing, we take a lighthearted approach to our lifestyle. We teach kids that being a Republican doesn't mean being stuffy or square. We give tips on dating; TV and movie reviews; pop culture gossip; interviews with everyone from hot young Hollywood stars to venerated leaders of our country, such as yourself. And at the same time, we teach our readers about solid Republican values: freedom, family and religion.

We have been overwhelmed with enthusiastic support and financial backing, and we hope that you will be able to assist us in our mission to take our party's message to America's youth. Remember: today's teenagers are tomorrow's voters.

If you have any questions, comments or suggestions, please do not hesitate to give us a call at (212) 631-5883 or fax at (212) 260-7566.

We look forward to speaking with you.

Sincerely,



Matthew Fielding, Editor



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In Da House!!

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GO, GO
G.O.P.!



Dear SPY Reader,

What you are about to read is real. The quotes are taken from actual interviews conducted by SPY with congressmen and other leaders of the Republican Party and its affiliates. Given the frighteningly gung-ho responses we received from everyone from Dan Quayle to Sonny Bono, the following pages may prove to be more premonition than parody.

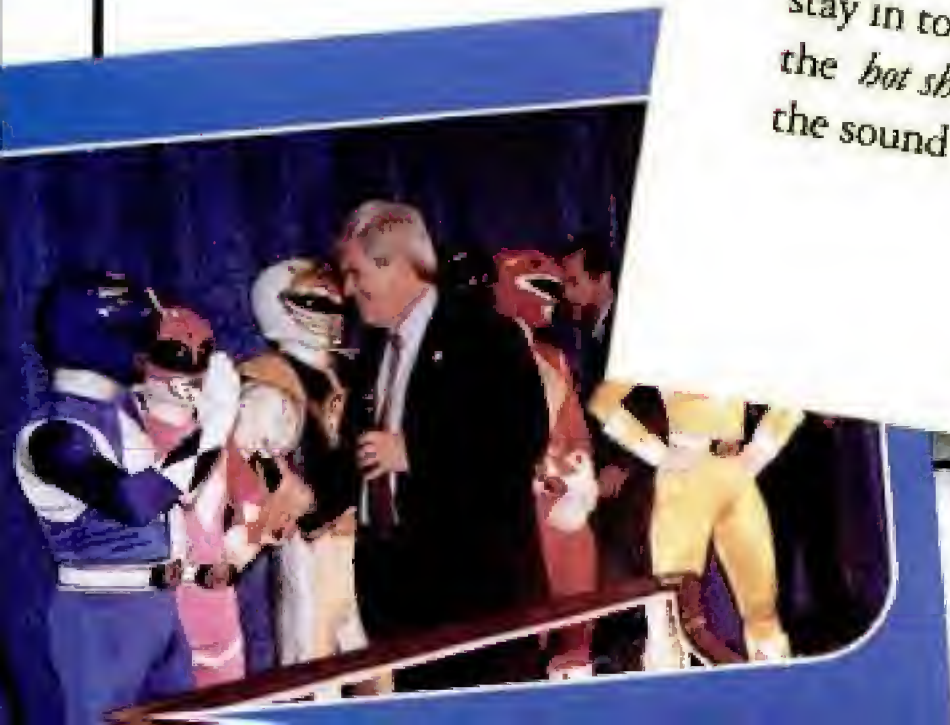
The best way to prank politicians, we figured, would be to use an irresistible publicity ploy as bait to get them to talk to us. And there is no more alluring political morsel than our nation's youth. Under the pseudonym of Matt Fielding (the gay character from *Melrose Place*), we posed as the editor of *Republican Beat*—a fictitious new fan magazine aimed at conservative teenagers. We approached a number of leading conservatives with the opportunity to answer questions we claimed to have gotten from junior high school students in the New York area. Once we had them on the phone, however, we peppered them with utterly moronic and totally inappropriate questions, which, nevertheless, they earnestly tried to answer.

After the ball started rolling, we barely knew how to contain it: Congressmen began phoning *us* asking for interviews. We had Ralph Reed, executive director of the Christian Coalition, and the good Reverend—excuse us, *Doctor*—Jerry Falwell personally calling our phony editorial offices. As Rep. Jon Christensen (R-NE) told us, "The future of the Republican Party lies in the hands of your audience, your readership." Rep. Bono's press secretary, Frank Cullen, called us to set up an interview not just because Sonny wanted to, but "because it's the good thing to do!" Amen, Frank.

But perhaps the biggest coup came when Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich posed for a photograph with a SPY-created T-shirt bearing the *Republican Beat* logo, which he dutifully autographed (see page 57). Both the prank and the unretouched photo demonstrate the appalling depths to which politicians are willing to debase themselves for a flattering photo op or sound bite.

Eventually, it got to the point where we were being treated as up-and-coming members of Washington's new power elite. As John McConnell, long-time speech writer and personal aide of Vice President Dan Quayle, put it: "I want to stay in touch. I think this is terrific what you're doing...I try to keep in touch with the *hot shots* out there, and you are certainly among them!" "Hot shots"—we like the sound of that.

—Peter Huyck and Alex Gregory



how hot is hillary?



The G.O.P. Rates the First Babe!

RB asked 20 Republican Reps one of the burning political questions of our time: "Do you think Hillary Clinton is pretty?"

and I was at a reception at the White House one day last week, and I think she's an attractive lady.

Rep. Mark Neumann (R-WI): [With wife in room] She can't hold a candle to my wife, who I dated all through high school and liked in junior high.

Rep. Joe Scarborough (R-FL): Um...do I think Hillary Clinton is pretty? Um...she's uh...she's a nice lady. I wouldn't...I don't know if "pretty" is the word I would use for her.

Rep. Frank Cremeans (R-OH): Yes! Yes! What did anybody else...who denied that? I want to know. Didn't take me long to answer that, did it?

Rep. Richard Burr (R-NC): Uh, boy...kids just cut right through it, don't they? I...I...I think that, uh, I think that she, uh, she adequately represents the first lady of the country.

Rep. Steve LaTourette (R-OH): I do, as a matter of fact, and I would say that she looks much more attractive in person than she does on television.

Rep. Jack Metcalf (R-WA): Yes, she's attractive. Great speaker. I've heard her speak and my wife has heard her speak twice. Great speaker. I don't agree with what she says, but she says it well and so does he.

Rep. George Radanovich (R-CA): Oh, no! Are these going to be comments that are attributed to me? Um...yeah.

Rep. Robert Ehrlich (R-MD): (laughs) I think she is...um...um.....

I think she's attractive.

Rep. Bob Ney (R-OH): I think she's attractive. I can't say it, because it's kids, but she does have kind of big hips.

Rep. Jon Fox (R-PA): Do I think Hillary Clinton is pretty? Yeah, I think Hillary Clinton is pretty. She's pretty, I mean...uh...That's a fine question. She's pretty.

Rep. Bill Martini (R-NJ): I think she's a very attractive lady, but her attraction is not solely on physical looks. Certainly she's intelligent and very well-spoken, and even if you don't agree with her points of view, you have to recognize that, so she is an attractive lady, yes.

Rep. Mark Foley (R-FL): She's attractive...well, she's got a regal look to her. I mean, she really fills the role nicely as the First Lady. She's very attractive and always well poised. So she gets high marks on her official presence, if you will.

Rep. Steve Chabot (R-OH): I'd give her a five out of ten, which I'd say is kind of average. She's not a dog, but I—you know, she's not gorgeous. I'd give her a five.

Rep. Sonny Bono (R-CA): Do I think.... She's not my type, let me put it that way. Uh, obviously Bill thinks she's pretty, but she wouldn't pass the test.

RB: The Bono Test?

SB: Yes, the Bono Test, so I don't know what else to say other than on my scale, she wouldn't make it. Nothing personal.

Rep. Richard "Doc" Hastings (R-WA): Well, she's attractive.

Rep. Sue Kelly (R-NY): Yeah. Hillary's okay. She's not...she's...yeah, I think she's pretty.

Rep. Randy Tate (R-WA): Yeah, yeah...pretty liberal. Actually Hillary Clinton is an attractive lady, but she is pretty liberal.

Rep. Jon Christensen (R-NE): Uh, Hillary Clinton is, uh..uh... a nice looking...nice looking, yes. Yes, she is. She is very attractive.

Rep. Steve Largent (R-OK): Uhhh...you know what, I've never seen her in person, so I couldn't comment on that.

Rep. J.C. Watts (R-OK): Oh, I think she's cute. Well, let me say, I think she's attractive. Yeah. I think she's an attractive lady. I just know her from seeing her on TV,



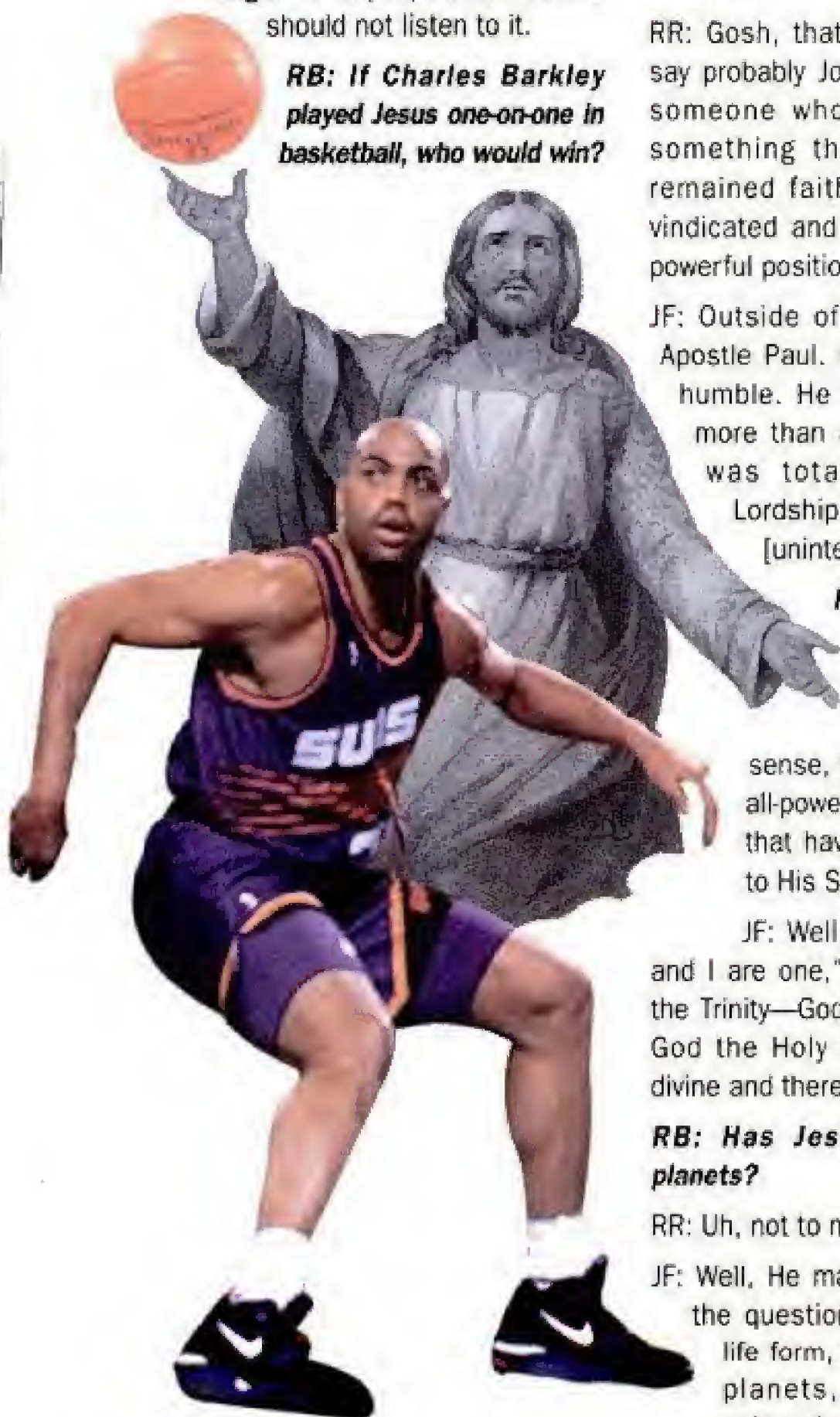
Holy Smoke! **RB** chats with Ralph Reed, point man for the Christian Coalition, and Dr. Jerry Falwell, founder of the Moral Majority!

RB: Is it okay to listen to rap music?

Ralph Reed: It depends. I think it's far more important what the lyrics say. Some of it is fine...other forms of rap music appeal to violent behavior, and I think a prurient interest, and exploit women, and I don't think that's appropriate.

Jerry Falwell: Well, it depends on what kind of rap. DC Talk, a Christian rap group, are all former students of Liberty University. They sang their first song together at a lawn party in my home with my son who attended [Liberty] with them. Their message is a positive message. But like any art form of music, if the lyrics are vulgar or improper, Christians should not listen to it.

RB: If Charles Barkley played Jesus one-on-one in basketball, who would win?



RR: Well, um, Jesus.

JF: Well, there's no question about that—Charles would be in serious trouble.

RB: Would it be a blowout?

RR: I don't know. It might be close, but Jesus would win.

JF: It would be a definite blowout.

RB: Is it okay to kiss on a first date?

RR: I don't want to comment on something like that! [pause] I think maybe

you could say something like, "I'd make him or her wait, you know, for at least a second date, if not longer."

JF: Well, it isn't a mortal sin. Building self-respect with a boyfriend or girlfriend is very important, and if there's to be a long and lasting relationship, I would recommend that friendship is first, getting to know each other is next and then intimacies like kissing should be only after there's a real serious commitment—probably towards marriage.

RB: Who is your favorite character in the Bible?

RR: Gosh, that's a tough one...I would say probably Joseph. I think Joseph was someone who suffered unjustly for something that he did not do, but remained faithful and was ultimately vindicated and elevated to a very, very powerful position.

JF: Outside of Jesus, I would say the Apostle Paul. He was both brilliant and humble. He was aggressive and he, more than anyone else in Scripture, was totally committed to the Lordship of Christ and the Gospel [unintelligible].

RB: Who is stronger, God or Jesus?

RR: Well, I don't know who is stronger, in that sense, but God is all-knowing and all-powerful, and He knows things that have not even been revealed to His Son.

JF: Well, Jesus said, "The Father and I are one," meaning as members of the Trinity—God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit—they are equally divine and therefore equally powerful.

RB: Has Jesus ever visited other planets?

RR: Uh, not to my knowledge.

JF: Well, He made all the planets, but if the questioner is wondering is there life form, human life form, on other planets, I think the answer is categorically "no." There was only one God, the Bible says, He had one son, Jesus Christ, and it is illogical to think that God, who is love, would have created a generation of intelligent beings somewhere else, with no provision for a savior.

RB: Why is it that Jesus looks like a hippie?

RR: I don't know that we can know with absolute certainty what He looks like, because there really aren't any

descriptions of Him, but the representations that we have are based on what we think historically someone who is a man of His age would have looked like in Nazareth at that time.

JF: Well, first of all, the pictures that we all see of Jesus were the conceptions of modern artists and some artists not so modern, but there were no cameras in the days of Jesus, therefore there are no photographs. We do not know how He looked. He may have had long hair. He certainly had a beard, because it was plucked out on the cross. But just because someone has long hair doesn't necessarily mean the person is a hippie. The word "hippie" has a negative connotation, because it speaks of a counterculture some years ago in this country that had a rather negative philosophy. But a hundred years ago, almost every American man had a beard and long hair. And in early American days, if they didn't have long hair, they wore wigs. Men! Purely a matter of a particular culture. Today, the first thing you think of with long hair is "This guy's a rebel." That's because of the connotation given during anti-war days and so on in Vietnam times. But a hundred years ago, a guy with short hair in our culture, and no beard, probably looked equally strange.

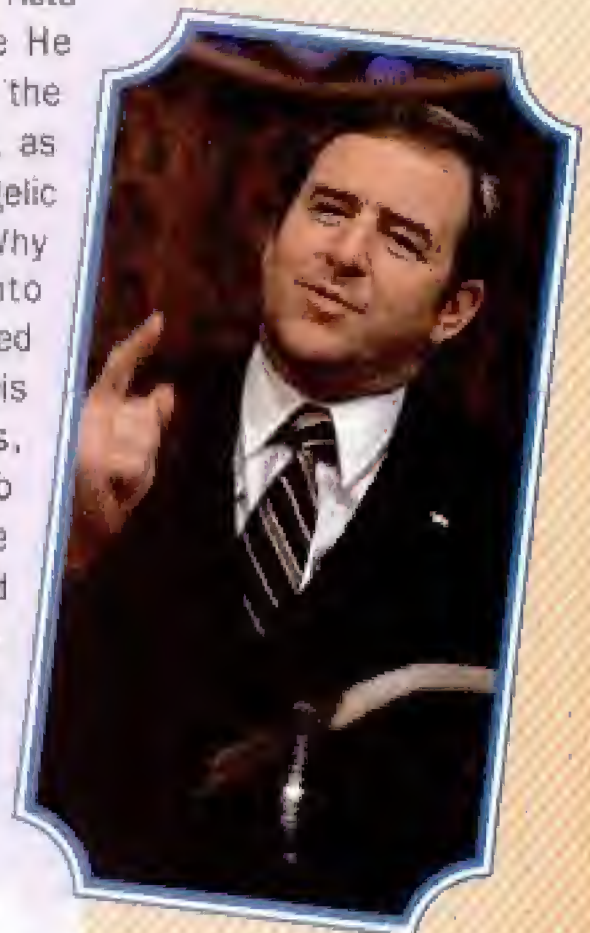
RB: When Jesus comes back to Earth, what will He look like and what will He wear?

RR: I don't think we really know that either. It's not really revealed to us. We won't know unless...it happens. [laughs] Then it's a little late to share with people.

JF: Well, the Scripture says, in Acts Chapter One, Verse 11, where He ascended to the right hand of the Father from the Mount of Olives, as the disciples looked on, two angelic beings appeared and said "Why stand ye here gazing up into Heaven?"—why are you so amazed at this—then concluded with this statement: "This same Jesus, which you have seen taken up into Heaven, shall so come in like manner." So I think the Lord Jesus, when He comes to the Earth, will look just like He did when he was on the Earth, 2,000 years ago. We'll see Him just as the Disciples saw Him 2,000 years ago.

Jammin' for Jesus with

Ralph Reed and Jerry Falwell



Let's Get Physical

Steamy Sex Tips From Our Sassiest Statesmen!

Wondering how far to go with your honey? And how fast? RB asks Congress the age-old question: "How long should teenagers date before they go 'all the way'?"

Rep. Rockin' Randy Tate (R-WA): I think they should wait until they get married. Abstinence is the only way to go. It works every time it's tried, as Rush Limbaugh would say.

Rep. Jon Christensen (R-NE): They should probably date all the way to marriage before they go all the way. They need to remember that sex before marriage is not right....There is no such thing as "safe sex" outside the bounds of marriage.

Rep. Steve Largent (R-OK): Say that again?

RB: *How long should teenagers date before they go all the way? That was the way the kid said it.*

SL: You mean get married?

RB: *I think he meant physical intimacy.*

SL: Uhhh, well, I believe in abstinence...I present it not only on a moral basis, but I think the statistic I saw is that something over 70 percent of kids—

teenagers—that are involved in premarital sex carry at least one sexually transmitted disease. 70 percent! And a large majority of the sexually transmitted diseases are not protected through use of a condom. So it's not only immoral, in my opinion, but it's definitely unhealthy.

Rep. Joe Scarborough (R-FL): They should wait until they're married.

Rep. J.C. Watts Jr. (R-OK): Well, if you're saying "going all the way" meaning if they're asking a question concerning sex, I didn't allow my children to date—I've got two teenagers, I've got one that's 18, and I didn't allow her to date until she was 16. He'll be sixteen in April, and we don't allow our kids to date until they're 16. Statistics show that the teenage pregnancy rate is 85 percent less in those that waited until they were 16 years or older to date, so that's one statistic, but also, being a minister, I think that abstinence is the best form of responsibility and the best form of birth control, and I believe there is a scriptural principle that needs to be followed in the case of abstinence, so in the case of going all the way, my advice is to wait until you are married to go all the way.

Rep. Mark Neumann (R-WI): Uh, until one day after they are married. Well, maybe not a whole day...

Rep. Frank Cremeans (R-OH): Well, you know, I believe that marriage is a very sanctimonious [sic] commitment, and I feel that

there's a lot here that I don't know, but there's a lot that I've learned the hard way, and I think there are things that are reserved for your spouse and I'd just like to leave it at that....I'm old enough to realize that you better probably remain with your first wife, okay? If you don't hear another thing I say, you can't afford more than one! I don't know what your income level is, but you contract with one and stick with her, okay? Words of wisdom. I'm old-fashioned conservative.

Rep. Robert Ney (R-OH): Boom! [laughs] Well, I would advise them not to go all the way until marriage and especially in today's world for a lot of different reasons, of course AIDS being one of them and also, but most of all, the whole morality issue.

Rep. Jack Metcalf (R-WA): How long? I would say you go all the way in marriage, and anything else is a bad judgment and a personal disaster. Frankly, people—until they are sixteen at the very least—need to be closely chaperoned by their parents. They won't like that, but what causes teenage pregnancies all over that we're worried about is unchaperoned kids. Period.

Rep. George Radanovich (R-CA): Whoa. Um, teenagers shouldn't be going all the way.

Rep. Sue Kelly (R-NY): Well, to tell you the truth, I'm old-fashioned. I don't think teenagers really should go "all the way." I think that when you're madly, madly in love as a teenager, you really want to "do it," but I really have to tell you, I don't think it's a great idea, and if they do, for God's sake, they've got to use protection! It's so important....If you decide you're gonna go all the way, USE A CONDOM!

Rep. William Martini (R-NJ): You don't really want—that's one I can't answer. I don't know how you can put an age on that.

Rep. Robert Ehrlich Jr. (R-MD): I think that there cannot be any hard-and-fast rule. I think sex is taken much too lightly by teenagers. I think most teenagers do not have the maturity to have sex, and I think that the number one problem in this country—or one of the two major problems in this country—is teenage pregnancy and drug abuse.

Rep. Jon Fox (R-PA): They shouldn't go all the way until they get married. There's no need to. The greatest fulfillment is having good friends, being a good son or daughter and respecting your parents, and learn the lessons of life from them, because they've lived them—all their years already. Because that's wasted on the young. You've got to be my age to understand that.

RB: *You never know. I think the kids are coming around to it.*

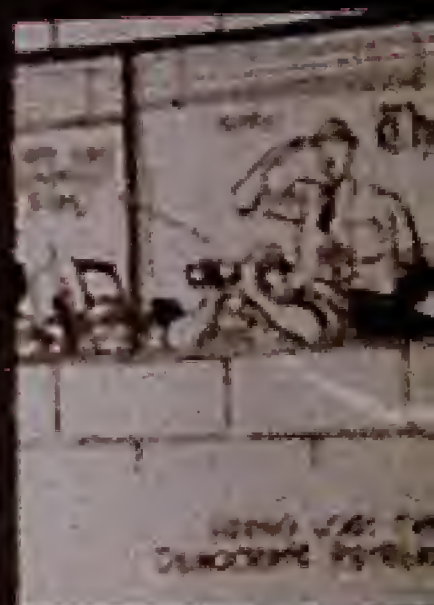
JF: Good, good. We need to grow more Republicans.

Rep. Mark Foley (R-FL): A long time. I know the tendencies are for the hormonal glands to be sprouting at early ages, but young people have to recognize the serious risks....It's just sad because everybody's so anxious to get it on, and, you know, I remember so well those days in junior high school.

Gettin'
it on!



NEWT



Groovin'

RB talks to
Sonny Bono!!

with the coolest!



YOU HAVE BEEN VOTED THE COOLEST MEMBER OF CONGRESS. IN YOUR OPINION, WHO IS THE COOLEST?

Rep. Sonny Bono (R-CA): Uh, well, first of all, it's a, uh, it's a tremendous honor, so I will accept their opinion and take that title and become the champ for this year, anyway.

HOW DID YOU CELEBRATE THE NOVEMBER VICTORIES?

SB: I took my wife out....My wife [is] very pretty and we're like boyfriend and girlfriend. So she's really the reason I'm here, so I celebrated it with her on a very romantic evening.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE BAND?

SB: My favorite band was Toto, for two reasons. They were also my rhythm section....And, forgive the term, but they were ass kickers.

HOW DID YOUR BACKGROUND IN SHOW BUSINESS PREPARE YOU FOR GOVERNMENT?



SB: They're extremely similar....When you're a performer you gotta get up on stage and you need to sell yourself to a point of where people want to come back and pay money to see you again, which is not an easy task. And basically, you're doing the same thing in politics.

WHO'S MORE POWERFUL NOW, YOU OR CHER?

SB: Uh, well, Cher was, but she's slipping on the charts. She had a big lead there for a while but she hit a banana peel, so I would say I'm out in front right now, but the contest isn't over. You never know with her.

RB: *She could run for office.*

SB: That's right...and might.

RB: *Would you vote for her if she did?*

SB: No, she's a liberal.

WHAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING YOU'VE DONE IN OFFICE SO FAR?

SB: The most important thing I did in office was when I was in Judiciary Committee the other night and we were going for 12 hours and couldn't get out. I bought 15 pizzas and brought 'em into committee and sent the aroma around the room and was able to get the committee to break up so we could eat the pizzas and get out of there....They were determined to go for a few more hours—I broke 'em down.

WERE YOU ALWAYS A REPUBLICAN?

SB: My philosophies were always Republican. I wasn't a declared Republican but when I decided to become involved in politics I just immediately recognized that I correlated with the Republican philosophy.

WHO DID YOU VOTE FOR IN 1972?

SB: BUSH! And—oh, who ran in '92. Well, I don't—who ran in '72?

RB: *It was Nixon/McGovern.*

SB: Okay. In 1972, I was in show business and not involved in politics, and I didn't register to vote until 1988.

ARE THERE ANY OTHER ROCK STARS THAT WOULD MAKE GOOD REPUBLICAN POLITICIANS?

SB: Any rock stars who decide that they're willing to make a commitment and do things for others will have an edge because they know how to work with people in masses better than politicians do.

WHAT'S THE WILDEST OUTFIT YOU'VE EVER WORN?

SB: Eskimo boots and bobcat vest.

RB: *Wow! I don't suppose you still have those lying around the closet.*

SB: I do still have my bobcat vest. I've still got that from the Sonny and Cher days.

WERE YOU INVOLVED IN STUDENT GOVERNMENT IN HIGH SCHOOL?

SB: No, I wasn't involved in politics at all. I got involved in politics because after I got out of show business I didn't have the luxury of having people do things for me anymore, and I had to do 'em myself. When I went to get a sign permit for my restaurant, I discovered bureaucracy and finally, it got down to where I told the fella that I was dealing with at the city that the only solution I could come up with for our problem was to run for mayor and fire him.

RB: *And did you?*

SB: Yes. And so that's when I got involved in politics.

WHICH ROCK STARS DID YOU PARTY WITH IN THE 60'S? DID YOU PARTY WITH HENDRIX?

SB: No, Hendrix stayed in England a lot, but gosh, we hung with everybody in the 60s...with the Beatles, the Mamas and the Papas, Bob Dylan...with just about every rock star in the 60s, we hung out with to one degree or another. It was a wonderful, magical musical era.

Rockin' Randy Tate's Top Toonz!

The Youngest Republican Rep (29!)

RB: Who is your favorite band or singer?

Rep. Rockin' Randy Tate (R-WA): Hold on—let me ask my wife. [to wife in room] Who's my favorite band or singer? [four-second pause] You know what? I don't even have one.

RB: It could be anything. We've gotten everything from classical musicians to jazz bands.

RT: I like everything.

RB: If you had to pick just one person, though.

RT: Oh, man. Not a clue, to be perfectly honest.

RB: It could be a group of people. Anything we could put down for that? Is there a musician? A guitarist?

RT: Can you hold on just a sec? (30 second pause) I'm sorry. I'm back. It's crazy around here.

RB: No problem.

RT: Okay, the question was...

RB: Favorite band.

RT: I don't have a clue.

RB: Performer?

RT: I mean, there's nothing I don't like.

RB: Right. But there wouldn't be any favorite?

RT: No. I don't know if there's a favorite. I'm sorry I don't have a better answer than that. I don't have a clue what my favorite band is. I like whatever's on the radio.

RB: Is there a particular style of music?

RT: All kinds. All kinds. Everything.

RB: Country?

RT: I'm not a big country fan. I like anything. I mean, I like country music, but it's not what I listen to.

RB: So we'll put you down for "all types."



WHAT A LONG STRANGE TRIP IT'S BEEN

(Wild Woodstock Memories)

Rep. Jon Christensen (R-NE): During the original Woodstock I was about six years old and probably causing my mom problems doing something. During the '94 Woodstock I was busy campaigning, going door to door and, I think, hitting about my 30,000th home at that time watching these nut heads on TV celebrate liberalism in mud.

Rep. Sonny Bono (R-CA): You know, the real original Woodstock was in Newport Beach, and we played in that one—I don't know if anybody knows about that. And then it went so well, they did the big Woodstock, and we were out of it because we were anti-drugs. And so music hit an era that unless you were a druggie, you were corny. So we were anti-drug and that just ruined our careers in 1966.

Rep. Jon Fox (R-PA): The original Woodstock, I was at Penn State University, and I was busy working on student government there and starting an organization called "Students for State." I was being very traditional. I was active with college Republicans.

Rep. Mark Foley (R-FL): Woodstock was what year...that was '74, right?

Rep. Richard Burr (R-NC): I was—that was '74, wasn't it?

Rep. Frank Cremeans (R-OH): Uh...when was that originally? In the '60's?

Rep. Jack Metcalf (R-WA): The original one was in '74?

RB: It was in '69.

JM: '69? I was in the state Senate. In fact, in 1969 I was introducing the first term limits bill in this country. I started term limits—the first term limits bill in 1969. While everybody else was out listening to music, I was writing a term limits bill.

Rep. Mark Neumann (R-WI): Let's see, during the original Woodstock, which would have been...Woodstock. What year was Woodstock?

RB: August of '69.

MN: August of '69 I was a sophomore in high school. I was living in East Troy, Wisconsin. I was very interested in my wife, [wife in room] who was also a sophomore at East Troy High School, and sports.



Congressional Couch Potatoes!

Our Reps Pick Prime Time's Hottest Soap!

Which is cooler, *Beverly Hills, 90210* or *Melrose Place*? RB gets the scoop from our prime-time pundits!

Rep. Richard "Doc" Hastings (R-WA): I have not seen either of them, so I can't judge. My youngest child is a freshman in college and I don't recall him talking about either one of them.

Rep. Sue Kelly (R-NY): Ooh, that's tough. I'd have to vote for *Beverly Hills*...a lot goes on.

Rep. Rockin' Randy Tate (R-WA): Mmmmmmmmm. *Beverly Hills*.

Rep. Jon Christensen (R-NE): Well, you really got me on this one, because I haven't had the opportunity to examine both of these shows. I know that they are a hit with young teenagers, but I have to be honest, I have not seen either one.

Rep. Steve Largent (R-OK): You know, honestly I can say, I've never seen either one of them.

RB: So I'll put you down as a "No Preference."

SL: We don't even have cable.

Rep. Mark Neumann (R-WI): Um, there are certain value decisions expouted [sic] upon in those shows that I'm not sure I can concur with to give you a good answer to that question...

RB: Okay, would your kids have a favorite? Do you know if they prefer either show?

MN: No, I think both shows get into an area that is very, very important as we talk with young people

and that is values of personal behavior, and I would strongly encourage these young people as they watch these shows to remember that abstinence is the correct form of sexual protection as opposed to some of the things put forth in some of the shows.

Rep. Joe Scarborough (R-FL): Uh, I've got to tell you I think both of them are passé in 1995.

RB: The kids might not want to hear that.

JS: I guess you better strike that. I was never much of a Heather Locklear fan, so we'll go with *Melrose Place*. Even though Heather Locklear's on *Melrose Place*, we'll go with *Melrose*.

Rep. Saxby Chambliss (R-GA): Uh, I don't watch much TV but I would say *Beverly Hills*.

Rep. Frank Cremeans (R-OH): That's a good question. Give

that to me again. [Repeats question] I'd say *Beverly Hills*. How am I stacking up against everybody else?

Rep. Steven Chabot (R-OH): I'd say probably *Beverly Hills*.

Rep. Richard Burr (R-NC): Probably *Melrose Place*.

Rep. Robert Ney (R-OH): *Melrose Place*.

Rep. Steve LaTourette (R-OH): Oh, it's *Melrose Place*, no doubt.

Rep. Sonny Bono (R-CA): Um. 90210.

Rep. Jack Metcalf (R-WA): No opinion. I don't think you should tell them [the kids] this, but I haven't the faintest notion, I have never heard of those two things. Is it possible that somebody lives in this world and hasn't heard of them? I have not.

Rep. George Radanovich (R-CA): Neither.

Rep. Robert Ehrlich Jr. (R-MD): No opinion. Don't watch either one...actually, who's the hot—what's her name...

RB: Heather Locklear?

RE: Heather Locklear. Anything with Heather Locklear has got to be cooler.

Rep. Jon Fox (R-PA): I don't know enough about either one of them to tell you which is cooler.

RB: I'll just put you down as not a fan of either.

JF: Well, I'm not home to watch TV. I would be watching C-Span instead of 902-Melrose Place.

RB: Those are the kids' favorite shows.

JF: Well, we have to get 'em onto C-Span.

Rep. William Martini (R-NJ): Well, since I have a daughter, I guess *Beverly Hills, 90210*.

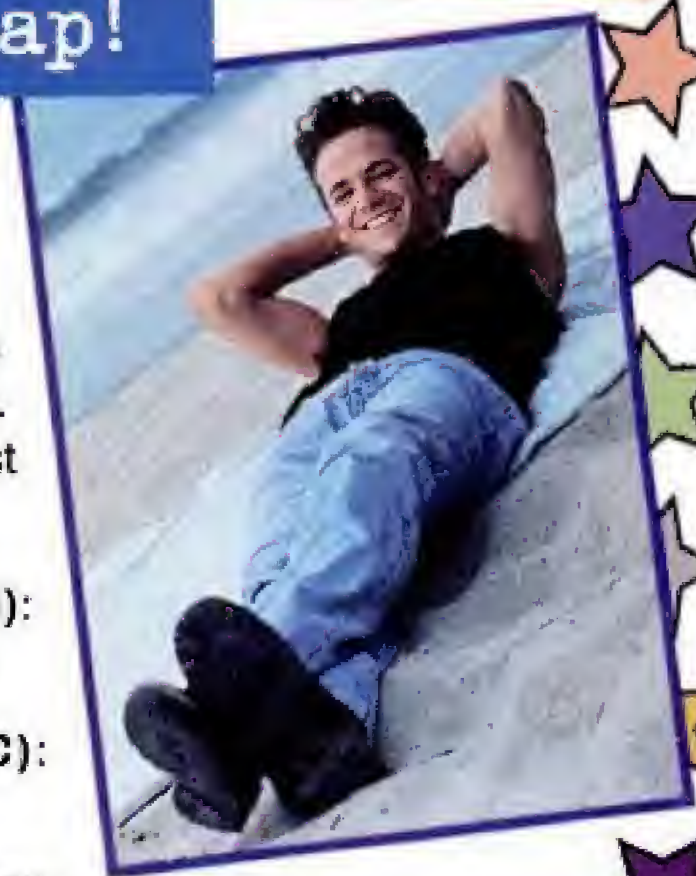
Rep. Mark Foley (R-FL): *Melrose Place*, but I watch them both. In fact, the funny thing, when I saw your name, I said, "Matt Fielding"—that sounds so familiar," and then I was watching a rerun last night of *Melrose*, and there was Matt Fielding, and I laughed, and I said, "My God!"

RB: My friends do not let me forget that. Once a week.

MF: I bet. "Who you dating, Matt?" I bet you get that all the time.

RB: Of course, it has to be the one gay guy on the show.

MF: Right, right.





MUSIC MATCH MADNESS!!



Can You Guess The Fave Bands of Our Nation's Leaders?

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. REP. MARK NEUMANN (R-WI) | A. BOYZ II MEN |
| 2. REP. JOE SCARBOROUGH (R-FL) | B. AMY GRANT |
| 3. REP. FRANK CREMEANS (R-OH) | C. BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN |
| 4. REP. ROBERT NEY (R-OH) | D. JETHRO TULL |
| 5. REP. J.C. WATTS JR. (R-OK) | E. THE CARPENTERS |
| 6. REP. JON CHRISTENSEN (R-NE) | F. AARON NEVILLE |
| 7. REP. STEVE LARGENT (R-OK) | G. GREEN DAY |
| 8. REP. STEVEN CHABOT (R-OH) | H. CHICAGO |
| 9. REP. RICHARD BURR (R-NC) | I. THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND |
| 10. REP. STEVE LaTOURETTE (R-OH) | J. WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART |
| 11. REP. JON FOX (R-PA) | K. INXS |
| 12. REP. WILLIAM MARTINI (R-NJ) | L. THE CHARLIE DANIELS BAND |
| 13. REP. MARK FOLEY (R-FL) | M. WHITNEY HOUSTON |



Touchdown! RB raps with NFL Hall-of-Famer Steve Largent and former Oklahoma football star J.C. Watts Jr.!

jock talk with steve largent and j.c. watts!!

WOULD DEION SANDERS MAKE A GOOD CONGRESSMAN?

STEVE LARGENT (R-OK): Well, the one thing about Deion Sanders is he has got a lot of confidence in himself. He's not afraid to speak his mind. And in politics, that can sometimes get you in trouble.

J.C. WATTS JR. (R-OK): Well, I think Deion Sanders is a (clears throat)...no question, no question one of the most talented athletes to ever pick up a baseball glove or don a football uniform...but I can say that football abilities or athletic talent doesn't necessarily qualify J.C. Watts or Deion Sanders or anyone else to be a leader or an elected official.

COULD DEION SERVE IN THE HOUSE AND THE SENATE AT THE SAME TIME?

STEVE: Go both ways? Technically, no, but I don't put anything beyond Deion.

J.C.: Now that I do know, I can answer affirmatively on that: no he can't do that. Not even Deion or Bo. Neither one could handle that.

WHAT WORDS OF ADVICE WOULD YOU GIVE TO CHARLES BARKLEY, WHO IS PLANNING TO RUN FOR OFFICE AS A REPUBLICAN?

STEVE: I think he should do it. I think the great thing about our system is that we invite people of all persuasions and colors and backgrounds to participate in the system, and I think it's a very noble effort on his part to be willing to serve the public.

J.C.: You know, I am a Charles Barkley fan. Charles is just blatantly honest. I don't condone everything that he does on or off the basketball court, but I do admire his candor....I guess the advice I would give to Charles is to "understand, Charles, that there is wisdom in silence."

HOW DID YOUR SPORTS SKILLS PREPARE YOU FOR GOVERNMENT?

STEVE: Well, I think, you know, there's not much translation of the athletic prowess you have as a football player that translates into Congress, other than the running back and forth that you have to do.

J.C.: Well, Matt, I think that my sports background taught me a lot about myself. It's a great educator of who you are and what you are. Athletics is a great teacher of character, endurance and perseverance, and I think those same qualities are important in the political arena.

WHAT'S THE MOST YOU'VE EVER BENCHED?

STEVE: 300 pounds.

J.C.: I don't try to bench competitively—I go down and work out a little bit now. Back in my heyday, I could bench about three and a quarter [325 lbs.].

WHICH IS MORE EXCITING, WINNING AN ELECTION OR WINNING A FOOTBALL GAME?

J.C.: Well, to me they're both important. I guess probably it's more exciting winning a football game, but it's more important winning an election. Winning a football game gives everyone the warm fuzzies, and you feel pretty proud of what you've accomplished, but if we lose a football game you'll be dejected for a few days and feel bad about it, but in the political arena...you affect many things in the policy that we vote on. So football's more exciting, but this arena's more important.

DO YOU EVER TOSS THE FOOTBALL AROUND WITH J.C.?

STEVE: I haven't yet, but I've got one in my office if he drops by.



MUSIC MATCH MADNESS ANSWERS
1-E, 2-G, 3-J, 4-K, 5-A, 6-B, 7-F, 8-D, 9-M, 10-L, 11-H, 12-C, 13-I

Forget about Post-Modernism. In the post-Communism era of the "new" Russia, while those long bread-and-meat lines are disappearing, a new business is booming: Squeaking back-scratchers, lambada-playing car alarms, and Mighty Morphin Power Rangers are filling the shelves of local kiosks.

Where do all these goodies come from? SPY sent secret agent ANNA HUSARSKA on a shopping spree to the Arab Emirates, where she and her capitalist comrades prove they don't have to give up the beach to go bargain hunting.

For junk, mostly.

1,001

ARABIAN

APPLIANCES (CHEAP!)

BY ANNA HUSARSKA

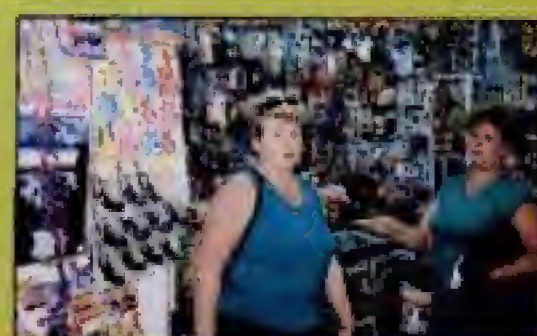


APPLAUSES After

seventy years of constant shortages of practically everything, Russian stores are now overflowing with all kinds of goods—many of dubious quality; most of it outright junk. Who brings all this trash into the country (and how)? I am on a secret mission to find out, although for my fellow travelers I pose as a prospective trader in fax machines.

Given the Russians' obsession with espionage, if the customs officer knew that I was being paid to write a report for SPY, he would surely have prevented me from traveling to Dubai.

Even if he were sober.



Saturday

It is 3 A.M.; we are in the freezing and smelly departure hall of St. Petersburg Airport, and we are beginning to get on each other's nerves. The drunken customs officer is looking at me suspiciously: "You mean you're not a black-marketeer or a profiteer?" he asks. "So what the hell are you doing here?"

Unlike the rest of the passengers on our tour, I do not have thick, tidy stacks of hundred-dollar bills to show him. In fact, I have less than \$1,000 in cash—which for a six-day shopping spree in the United Arab Emirates appears extremely suspicious.

"I'm going for the sightseeing," I lie, knowing that what I've just said sounds about as credible as "I'm going to Casablanca for the waters."

The customs officer sighs, reeking heavily of cheap tobacco and vodka. He either thinks that I was misinformed or suspects me of being a prostitute. Neither opinion seems particularly pleasurable, but it could be worse. Given the Russians' obsession with espionage, if he knew that I was being paid to write a report for SPY, he would have surely prevented me from traveling to Dubai.

Even if he were sober.

Most Russians still associate the word "shopping" with ration coupons and long lines in the cold. But now, after 70 years of constant shortages of practically everything, the kiosks and shops of Russian towns in the 11 time zones from Vladivostok to Kaliningrad are overflowing with all kinds of goods—many of dubious quality; most of it outright junk. Who brings all this trash into Russia (and how)? I am on a secret mission to find out, although for my fellow travelers I pose as a prospective trader in fax machines.

A plump woman in the customs line hasn't got a permit from a Russian bank to take any money out of the country. The prospect of ordering that she be body-searched (*if she has no permit, she smuggles dollars, logically*) catches the attention of my customs officer, who forgets my relatively empty wallet and lets me go.

I move to the airline's check-in counter, but the officials from Aeroflot, having seen my skirmish at customs, refuse to give me a boarding card; they say this is because I have a Polish, not Russian, passport. (For 40 years they had their tanks in Poland to assure us how friendly they are towards us, but now it is "Nyet!").



I ask Tania, our group's guide, why they object to my citizenship. "Oh, because they want a bribe," she answers matter-of-factly, as if she were telling me that you need a token to get on the subway. This particular token is \$50. But my purgatory is not over yet.

The immigration officers, who witnessed my bribing Aeroflot, also want to get their token—so they suggest that if they stamp my passport, I may have problems getting back into Russia in only a week. I refuse to pay, and in revenge get a splash of inky stamp in my passport.

As soon as we get on the plane, several of my fellow travelers offer shots of vodka (I seem to be the only one without a good provision of alcohol) to celebrate my getting through the triple barrage. Also invited is Nelli, the plump woman who was body-searched. Once again, the theory confirms itself that a common adversary and some outside bullying can do wonders to build solidarity and enhance bonds of friendship.

Fortified by the vodka, I get up and go to inspect our plane. It is a strange Tu-154 hybrid. The front half looks like a very shabby but normal passenger carrier, while the back cabin is an empty shell, with all the seats removed.

"That's for luggage on the way back," explains Serguei, Tania's husband.

Sunday

After six hours we land in Fujairah airport in the United Arab Emirates. If it were not for the laboratory-like cleanliness of the place, I would not have believed we were out of the former Soviet Union: All the planes on the airfield—Armenian Airlines, Siberian World Air, and Aeroflot—are from the U.S.S.R.; the immigration and customs officials accept forms filled in Cyrillic without a blink; and the bus driver says "*privyet*" and "*vsyo v poryadkie?*" (Russian for "hey" and "okay?"). We are obviously following a well-beaten path. Or rather, a wide trading highway, which appears to be a modern version of the Silk Road.

In Dubai, Tania and Serguei assign us rooms in Hotel Ramee (Indian staff; Russian spoken). Nelli, Lyuda, and Misha—the inseparable *troika*, who know each other from their clerking days at Petersburg Railways—want to be in the same room. With my SPY-ing assignment, I think it would be better if I get a single room. It turns out, however, that a manager's approval is needed to do that.

Serguei explains: Putting two to a room is a policy of the hotel that prevents Russian women from having Arab men visit them on the premises. We are here to shop—not to have sex. But two girls in our group are obviously after both. Tania

clarifies, however, that it is not really prostitution; rather it's "luxury-driven, short-term sentimental relations."

The hotel's lobby is a beehive. A post-Soviet beehive, to be precise, because the only language I hear is Russian: "Masha! Your radios have arrived"; "Tanyushka, can you check if they brought all 500 boxes of socks?"; "I didn't get 20 Panasonic—Boris must have given them the wrong room number!"

The post-Soviets are definitely a strange sight on the streets. Most locals in Dubai are rich Arabs in white or light violet dresses and red head scarves that the Russians call "Arafatka." Women are few and far apart on the streets, and if they do venture outside they wear black robes that cover everything but the eyes.

Against this background, the fashion style of my traveling companions comes as a shock. Most traders "doing" the Emirates come from the northern part of Russia—because those from the south travel by road to neighboring countries—so their wardrobe for a hot climate is not very sophisticated. In fact, one could rightfully say that it belongs in the underwear department.

One man from our group, Igor, considers swimming trunks, tank top, and flip-flops to be a perfectly acceptable outfit—although he does wear high white socks with his thongs. Not to be outdone, women, too, make an effort to be fashionable. But the result is pathetic. If it were not for the fact that they bring enormous profit to the economy, the authorities of the Emirates would probably ban them for their poor attempt at decency.

Every hotel in Dubai has been taken over by Russians (our hotel alone has four other groups), and I am the sole non-post-Soviet guest. But outside the shopping areas, the Russians can be encountered only sporadically, and only when they get lost. They do not window-shop or wander around streets; neither, of course, do they do any sightseeing. They go straight to the point and bargain, buy, or overlook the delivery of their goods from morning till night.

Actually, the center of activity is the parking garage underneath the hotel. Since guests are forbidden to keep any merchandise in their rooms, the garage is where these frantic shoppers stock their goods as they buy them (with their room numbers written on the boxes as identification as to what belongs to whom). Thus, 10-foot-high stacks of TVs, VCRs, portable stereos, huge boxes of toys, plastic flowers, ceiling fans, men's underwear, or car accessories fill the parking lot—forming a thick cardboard labyrinth.

Some shops in the Emirates are open until 11 P.M., and there is a group departing almost every day, so the parking lot is always a busy place. It is also extremely hot and crammed

APPLIANCES Igor

wants

to get the car back-up

alarms because, he says, if

you are first on the market

with some new gadget,

you can dictate the price.

We go to a place called

the Saca Car Accessories

store, which is in Deira—

the shopping center.

The director, Samir,

offers each of us a ciga-

rette lighter with his

store's logo written in

Cyrillic, and he gives me a

catalog (in Russian) of his

products. But we do not

buy the car alarms be-

cause the only ones Samir

has play the lambada,

complete with flashing

disco lights.

Igor thinks it is taste-

less. Quite so.



with all the many Russians, Ukrainians, Belarussians, Armenians, and others who go through here.

How many exactly? The Tourist Board in Abu Dhabi gives the figure of 450,000 entries in 1993 from the whole of the former Soviet Union, although the number of actual visitors is much lower because of the multiple trips that many shoppers make (in our group of 50, only six were in the Emirates for the first time).

Estimates show that ex-Soviets spent more than a billion dollars in the shops of the Arab Emirates in 1993, and, for example, bought 60 percent of all electronics sold in Dubai that year.

Monday

The hotel bus takes guests to the public beach, and the more experienced among the shoppers may go for two or three hours of sun. They have time to relax, since they already know where to shop (and aren't too preoccupied about skin cancer or the ozone hole). The greenhorns, on the other hand, don't have those established trade contacts and can't afford to goof off; they are busy finding out where and what to buy. Some have concrete wish-lists from kiosk and shop owners back in Petersburg, and need only to find the best quality-to-price ratio. Others improvise as they go.

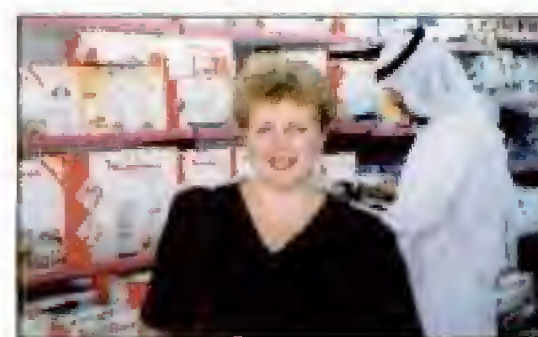
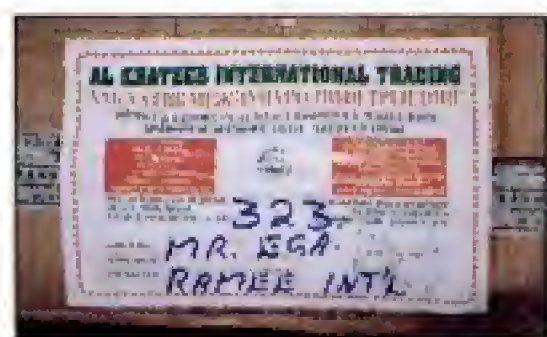
As the Russians sit around on the hotel-marked bathroom towels, none of their conversation is on the goods that they bought or will buy—those are trade secrets. The only time I hear two shoppers compare notes is when Slava, who is in our hotel but not in our group, chats with the tank-topped, flip-flopped Igor. I immediately understand the reason for those confidences: Slava is from Samara, so he is no competition for the Petersburg shops that Igor supplies.

The intimacy increases by the minute and now Slava tells Igor and me how he got the scar on the right side of his chest: He was a policeman when he got shot by a mafia member. After this experience Slava became a mafioso himself, but then gave it up. Now he shuttles between Samara and the Emirates, buying toys and children's clothes.

"What pays better—mafia or business?" I ask him.

"Well, depends how big a mafioso you are," says Slava. "I was a medium mafioso, that is why I am now a *cholnak*." (All these traders call themselves "cholnak," which is a weavers' term for "shuttle.") But now, he admits, he is thinking about getting out of this business, because it is turning from an adventure into a routine.

For Zhenia, to be a cholnak is a way of sustaining his wife and two children. Before he came to this business he was teaching physics at the university in Krasnoyarsk and earning



the equivalent of \$20 a month. Today he will go back home with 18 packages, weighing a total of 800 pounds, of Singapore-made hair dryers; Taiwanese cosmetics; and panties, socks, and brassieres from Hong Kong. It is his fifth trip to the Emirates and he is pretty sure that (for the time being, anyway) he will not go back to his physics tenure. "Do I look like a masochist?" he asks rhetorically.

Dina, who at age 22 must be the youngest cholnak in our group, wants money to be independent from his father (and to impress girls). He buys only electronics, and was expecting a profit of some 100 percent. But business is low now, so on the \$25,000 he brought, he will make no more than \$20,000 net profit, he thinks.

This is still very good money—despite the fact that cargo charges are \$2.04 per kilo and, theoretically, the import tariff on electronics is 30 percent (so the bribe to avoid it may reach 20 to 25 percent).

The most highly specialized in our group is Igor, a very funny and unpretentious man. He buys only car accessories, and knows the market well. Igor hears the back-up alarm on our mini-bus as we were leaving for the beach and asks me what it is. After I introduce him to this new gadget (unknown in Russia), he invites me to go shopping with him.

Tuesday

Igor wants to get the back-up alarm and light because, he says, if you are first on the market with some new gadget, you can dictate the price. We go to a place called the Saca Car Accessories store, which is in Deira—the shopping center. The director, Samir, speaks better Russian than any local person that I have met so far.

It turns out that Samir, a Syrian, studied "technical science" in Leningrad. Later he admits that it was artillery he studied, but I get the distinct impression that if I had really pressed him for information, I would have elicited a much juicier version of his experiences. Anyway, Samir is here now, selling wheel caps, seat covers,

roof carriers, and halogen lamps to Russian shoppers. All those accessories are of the "make-up" category, or, in other words, the kind that can upgrade a dilapidated Lada into a fancy-looking racing beauty.

Samir offers each of us the store's lighter with the logo written in Cyrillic, and he gives me a catalog (in Russian) of Saca's products. But we do not buy the alarms because the only ones Samir has play the lambada, complete with flashing disco lights. Igor thinks it is tasteless. Quite so.

That afternoon I get a call from my troika. Nelli is desperate—96 dinosaurs are missing. (I've certainly had difficult assignments before, but nothing quite like this one.)

I decide to go their room to address the task of finding them. It turns out not all the packages were delivered from the store where Lyuda and her friend Natasha bought the Transformer-type toys. After lunch, I call the shop and they promise to check out the complaint. Meanwhile, I go to the garage with Lyuda to revise her packages. They have trouble reading the Latin alphabet and need to see what's in the different boxes.

Around the stack of cartons marked "323," Sasha is packing his merchandise into huge gray bags. He is obviously a professional and very well-organized.

АЖЕК ИЗ ЭЛЕКТРОНИКС

В ОКЕАНЕ МАГАЗИНОВ ЗАРПТРОНИКИ В АЖЕАН ВЫ ДОЛЖНЫ БЫТЬ УВЕРНЫ. ЧТО ПОКУПАЕТЕ НЕ ПОДДАВАКУ. А ТЕХНИКУ МИРОВОГО КЛАССА.

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В ЕГО ПРОСТОРИИ ЗАААХ ВЫ БУАЕТЕ ЧУВСТВОВАТЬ СЕБЯ УВТЮ И КОМ-ФОРТНО. ИМЕЕТСЯ БОЛЬШАЯ АВТОСТОЯНКА.

МЫ ИМЕЕМ ТАКЖЕ ЕЩЕ МАГАЗИН В САНОМ СЕРАДЕ ЗАРПТРОНИКОГО РЫНКА АЖЕАН БЕАААААКО ОТ ПЛОЩАДИ НАСП. В НАШЕМ АБУХСТАНОМ МАГАЗИНЕ ИРОКИИ РИБОР ЗАРПТРОНИКИ И ВУТОВОЙ ТЕХНИКИ ИЗ ЯКОНИИ, ЕВРОПЫ И США.

Sasha started in this business by going to the markets in Poland in 1989; before that he was a doctor. Then he took a few leaves of absence, did some cholnak excursions to Turkey, and afterward realized that, even when taking all the night shifts in the emergency room, he was earning in six months what he could make by doing one cholnak trip. So he gave up being a doctor.

Sasha is in the Emirates for the seventh time and knows very well what, where, and in what quantities to buy, and for how much. He has arranged in Petersburg for his merchandise—mostly adult garments, toys, and children's clothing—to be taken into those kiosks and shops. Methodically, every afternoon he ticks off something on his detailed shopping list.

At the end of the day, the troika invites me to their room for the evening. We will have a drink, a snack (consisting of hard-boiled eggs, brought from Petersburg), and discuss our strategy to recover the missing dinosaurs. This be-

ing the third night, booze was still plentiful (though disguised in mineral water bottles; alcohol is forbidden in the Emirates). At 3 A.M., stinking of cigarettes and with my head turning slightly, I abandon my company and retire to my room.

Wednesday

In the morning, with a terrible hangover, I meditate on why nothing ever seems to *work* in Russia. Then it hits me: If Russians drink as much as statistics say, then there must be many people who wake up mornings with hangovers like mine, unable to perform their work normally.

In the afternoon I accompany Lyuda and Natasha to the dinosaur shop. The Indian who runs it speaks a very vigorous version of Russian: "No" and "I cannot go any less" are the basis of his vocabulary. In a slightly better (but still broken) English he explains that the dinosaurs *were* delivered. The women ask me to translate that they

went through the stack in the garage and there are no dinosaurs.

(This is not the first time the troika has had a problem with this particular shop. On Monday, Misha wanted to buy 20 "sound sticks"—little handles that squeak as you scratch your back. The shopkeeper charged him for, and delivered, 200 sticks, and then claimed that such was the deal.)

We are assured that the dinosaurs will arrive any moment, so we give up and go back to the hotel. Lyuda takes her shopping list and we go through it carefully item by item in the garage: 24 hair dryers; 200 plastic butterflies [at 25 cents each, "I'll sell them for at least 1,500 rubles (50 cents) each," Lyuda announces proudly]; packets of several hundred Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; 96 dinosaurs (missing!); 12 big robots; 24 buckets containing an oversized Lego-type game; 12 soup spoons; 12 can openers; 12 pizza knives; 2 palm tree branches (at \$14 each); 144 clothes hangers; 12 plastic flowers; 24 Christmas decorations; 144 super elastic balls; and six black theater bags.

Lyuda still has \$300 to spend and ponders for a moment whether battery-powered toy cars driven by a little Santa Claus would be a good idea. The advantage is that the toy is original; she has not seen any on the streets of Petersburg. But this is also the risk: It may not catch on, and if it doesn't sell before Christmas she'll be stuck with all those toy cars occupying her tiny apartment for a whole year.

In the evening, my troika and two other friends, Ludmilla and Natasha, are going to take a little time off their shopping chores and instead do something just for pleasure. They invite me over to help them as their translator, and we...go shopping. Earlier, they befriended an Indian insurance agent who will drive them to Sharjah to visit a supermarket, a sort of an Arabian Woolworth's. The agent's car is a station wagon, but since all the women are on the heavy side, Misha and I get in the trunk.

In the supermarket they buy shampoos, deodorants, Kleenex, copy



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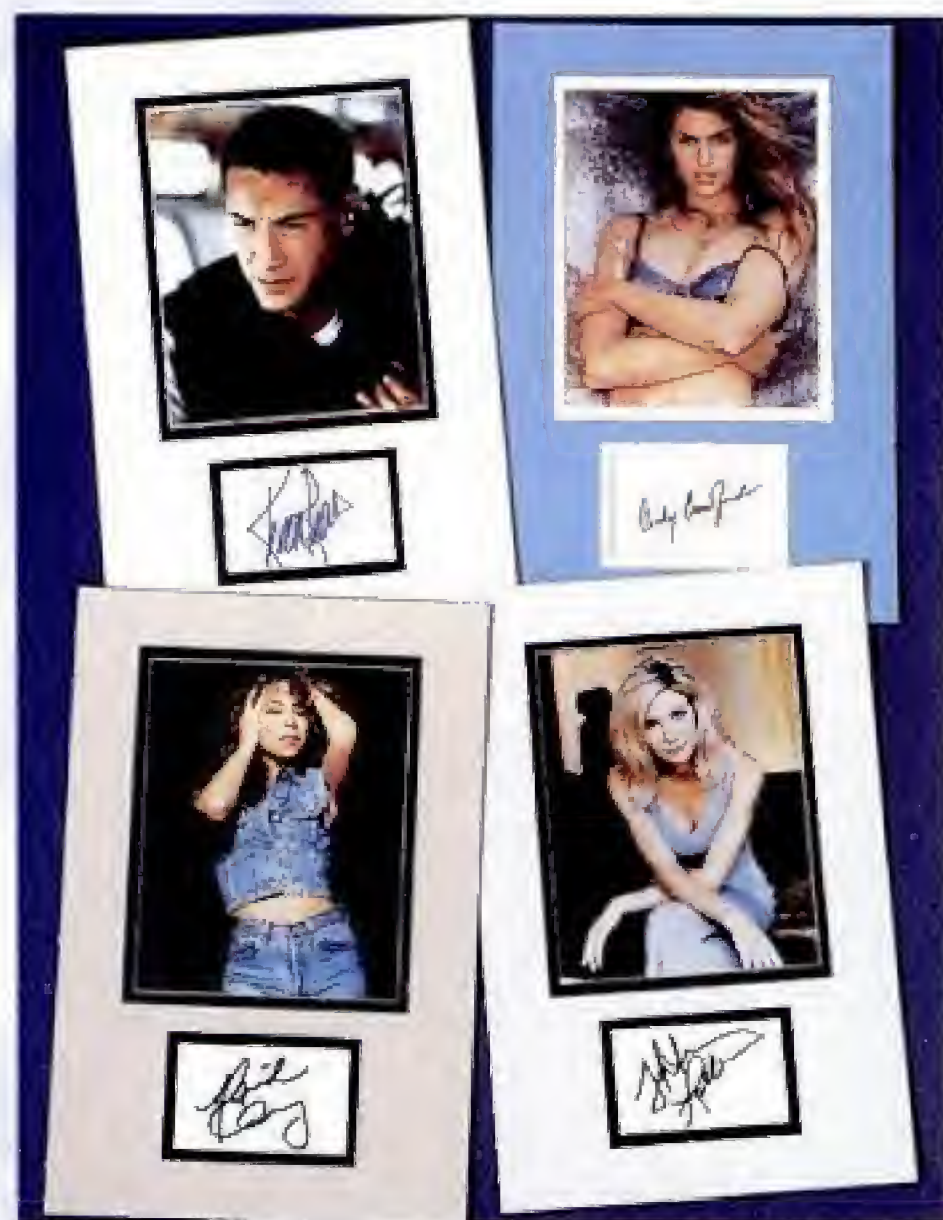
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books, and cosmetics—this time, all for themselves.

Thursday

Before heading for the beach I call the dinosaur shop again. The owner, knowing that we leave on Friday, uses delaying tactics. He will never deliver those damn dinosaurs. Nelli stays in the hotel to watch over their stacks of goodies while Ludmilla, Lyuda, Natasha, and Misha go to the beach. They immediately get sunburnt and will be suffering in the plane on the way back. Today, the trip to the beach is shorter because everyone in our group is busy with their frenetic last-minute shopping.

Since we are leaving tomorrow, the luggage needs to be ready for weighing and dispatching to the airport, where our Tu-154 waited for all these days. Sasha, who has been systematically preparing his packages all along, is relaxed, sewing the last of his plastic fiber bags (total weight 3,000 pounds). Igor, who prefers Scotch tape to close the bags, is pretty much ready at 1:30 A.M. His car accessories weigh 471 kilos (some 1,040 pounds).

Meanwhile, the troika is terribly behind schedule. They had hoped for the dinosaurs to show up until the last moment; now they wonder whether to replace them with parrots or butterflies.

For five hours, they repack everything to eliminate all possible wrapping, thus minimizing the weight—it's those pesky cargo charges—and diversifying the contents of each plastic bag or box. That done, they will still have to convince the customs officer that those few hundred pounds of merchandise are "just personal belongings and gifts for friends and relatives." Packing tape, scissors, needles, and a plastic thread are all used extensively. Miraculously, they manage to finish the bags by 4 A.M.

As I help them, we chat about their plans. Lyuda hopes to make at least 50 percent profit on all her products. Her salary as a clerk in railways is absolutely insufficient, but since she does not really respect any working hours (according to the common princi-

ple "They pretend they pay me; I pretend I work"), she is going to sell all this junk herself by standing all day in some open-air market.

Misha, on the other hand, is a little worried about how long it will take him to peddle 200 squeaking scratch sticks—but suddenly he cheers up and hopes for a 100 percent profit on them.

I doubt whether these five will make a fortune. However, a well-prepared and experienced chohnak like Sasha, Igor, or Dina can make up to \$200,000 a year. And given that the average salary in Russia is somewhere between three and four figures, this is a lot of money.

I wonder how they all know the amount of the custom duties they will have to pay. They don't. Not one person on the group knows the regulations, although most have some kind of pre-arranged agreement with a customs officer so that they know whom and how much to bribe.

The next day is wasted waiting for the whole group to get together, for the trucks with 18,700 pounds of our luggage to arrive, then for our plane to be refueled. Ten minutes before takeoff the airport tax-free store opens, everyone buys booze and Sasha and Igor buy a few ceiling fans and stereo radios each. They just cannot resist: They're a few dollars less than in Dubai.

We finally take off in the late evening, and before the short nap many on the plane consume the bottles of cognac or whisky that they bought. The atmosphere is even more merry than among tourist groups returning after a week's holiday. The back of the plane, empty on the way to Dubai, is totally crammed with junk.

The immigration officers at St. Petersburg let me in. At the customs desk I fall upon the same officer—this time sober. He urges me to leave the area as soon as I am through. Nobody is interested in my fax machine that served as cover-up. I suspect that, given the prospect of 40 people bribing their way through, a foreigner on assignment for SPY is not someone that immigration or custom officers would fancy having as an audience. ■

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9



1



4



2



3



8



7



5



6



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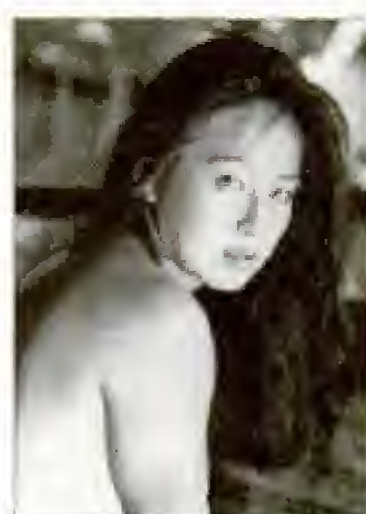


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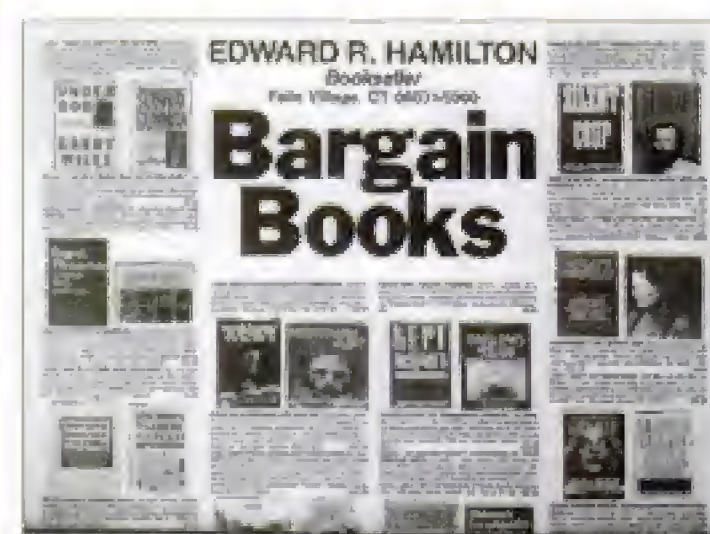
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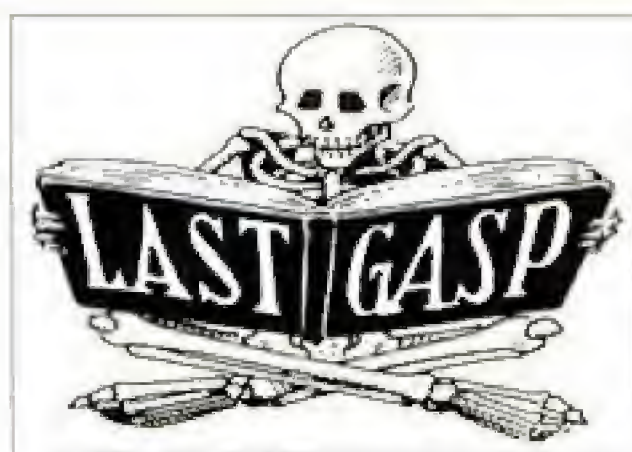
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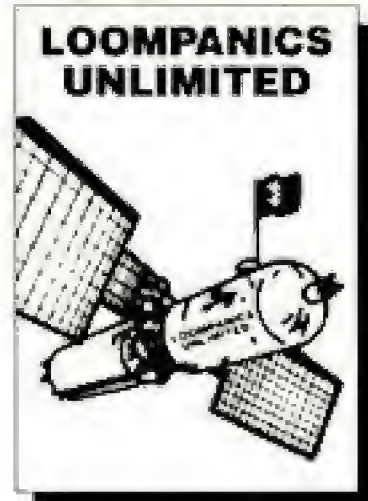


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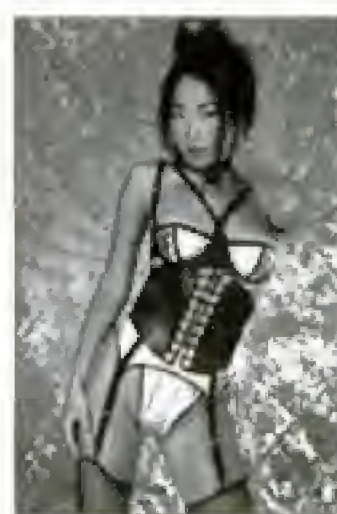
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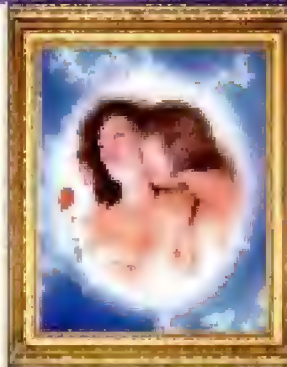
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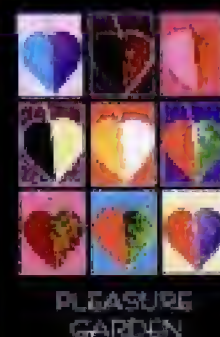
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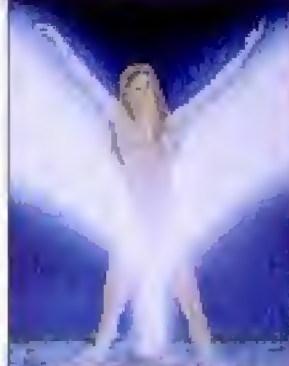
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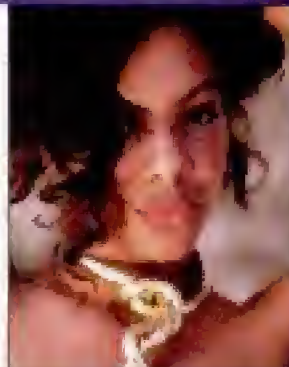
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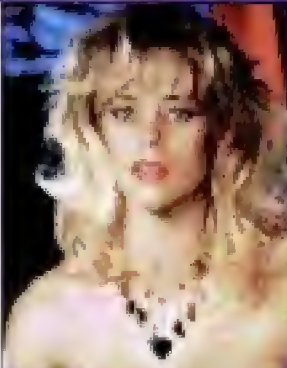
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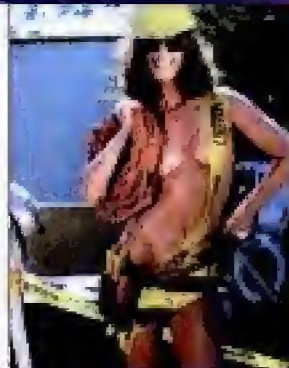
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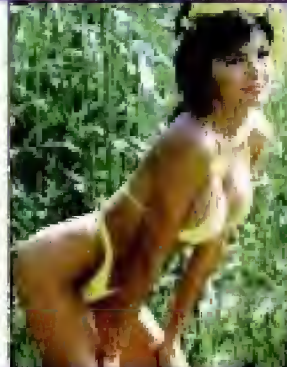
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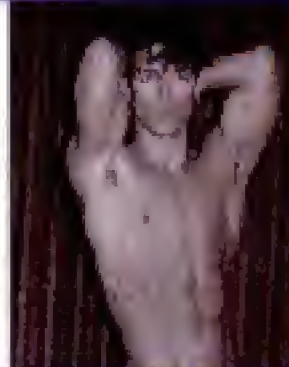
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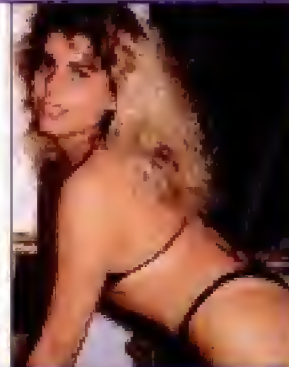
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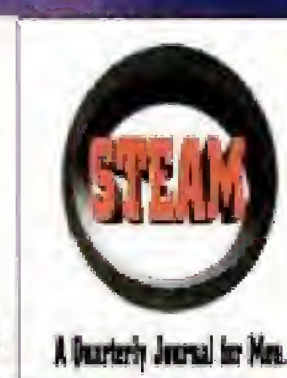
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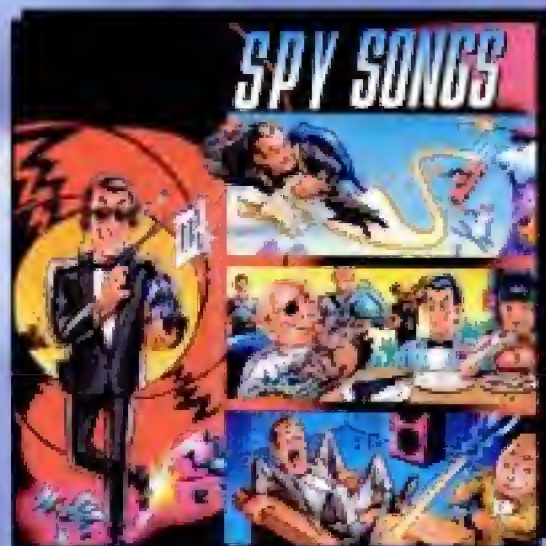
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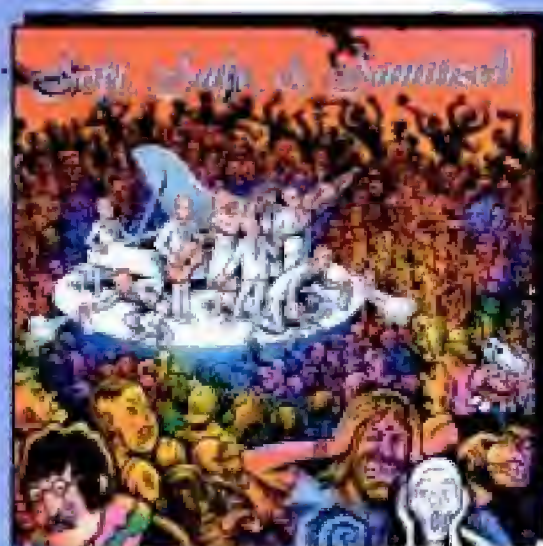
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